

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. JOHN L. SMITH, D. D.

REV. JOHN LEWIS SMITH, whose portrait was published in the September number of the REPOSITORY, is the son of Bowlin and Lovewell Smith, and was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, on the 24th of May, 1811. His maternal grandparents, William and Mary Owens, were converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the preaching of Rev. Robert Williams, in 1773, near Portsmouth, Virginia, and were two of the seven persons constituting the first class in the Old Dominion. They afterward removed to Brunswick County where Dr. Smith's mother was born on the 22d of February, 1784, ten months before the formal organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, which event took place at the Christmas Conference of that year. The paternal grandmother was of the noted Perry family of Rhode Island, a near relative of Oliver Hazard Perry of naval fame.

Dr. Smith was the fourth child and first son of his father's household, and was dedicated in infancy, by his mother, to the service and cause of God. Ten of this good woman's children (three sons and seven daughters) lived to manhood and womanhood; seven of them still survive; and the two brothers, besides the Doctor, are now honored citizens of Indiana, and useful members of the Church.

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The educational advantages of Dr. Smith's boyhood were few and meagre. Such opportunities as the "subscription" schools in the neighborhood of his father's house afforded were well improved by the lad in the acquirement of the common branches of study. Afterward his education was carried forward to a certain extent in the "grammar school" or academy which he attended; but on reaching manhood his scholastic attainments were still limited and imperfect. His robust and vigorous intellect was left well-nigh untrammeled by the doctrines and discipline of the schools. Much subsequent reading and general study have gone far toward compensating for the deficiencies of his early education.

Dr. Smith was converted to God under the labors of the Rev. George W. Maley, in Union Chapel, on Union circuit, Greene County, Ohio, April 1, 1827. Hither, in the previous year, his father's family had removed from Virginia. He was licensed to exhort by the Rev. William Sutton in June of 1836; and his license to preach was issued in the following February, by the Rev. James B. Finley. The young preacher, full of vigor and enthusiasm, was at once put on a circuit, and has remained "effective," in all the senses of that word, until the present day. In 1840 he removed to Indiana and joined the old Indiana Conference at its October session in Indian-

apolis, Bishop Soule presiding. His ordination as deacon, by the same bishop, occurred in 1841; and two years afterward he was ordained an elder by Bishop Andrew.

In the subsequent divisions of the Indiana Conference, Dr. Smith was thrown into the North-west, and there the greater portion of his arduous and successful ministerial labors have been performed. For the first four years he traveled circuits, where he labored with untiring zeal and much success. In 1844 he was stationed at Roberts Chapel,—now Roberts Park,—Indianapolis. The old building, begun by his predecessor, the Rev. J. S. Bayliss, was finished during Dr. Smith's pastorate, himself bearing the chief burden "while they builded the house." For seventeen weeks at the last, he collected from day to day the money necessary to carry forward the work to completion.

From the beginning Dr. Smith has taken a deep interest in the cause of education. In 1845 he first attended the Commencement of Asbury University, and, with a single exception—when he was detained to preach the funeral of a friend—he has been present at all the subsequent Commencements of that institution. In 1846 he was appointed agent of the University. In the next year, his work was at Terre Haute station. In 1848 he was made presiding elder by Bishop Hamline. At the same conference held at Greencastle, he was elected a trustee of Asbury, and in 1851, a delegate to General Conference. The former position he has held continuously until the present; and of the six subsequent sessions of General Conference he has been in attendance as a delegate at five. At the Boston Conference of 1852 he took an active part in securing the election of Bishops Ames and Simpson to the episcopacy. From 1856 to 1860 he was a member of the general Missionary Committee, in which body he performed much valuable service; and from 1864 to 1868 he was a member of the Book Committee. In carrying forward his educational enterprises, he founded

Thorntown Academy in 1854, Valparaiso Male and Female College in 1859, and Stockwell Collegiate Institute in 1860. All of these academies have subserved a good purpose in developing the educational interests of North-western Indiana. In 1860 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the State University at Bloomington. To all the honorable positions which Dr. Smith has held in the Church he has been called by such majorities and with such enthusiastic good will on the part of his brethren as to indicate the keenest appreciation of his abilities and services. At the late General Conference he was a second time elected to a place on the General Book Committee, and, at its organization, was honored with the chairmanship, which position he now holds.

In his domestic relations Dr. Smith has been greatly blessed; and this, too, notwithstanding the loss by death of two most exemplary Christian wives—helps meet for the ministry—who have preceded him to the better land. The first was a daughter of Sarah Wright, the "Sylvan Muse," so well known as a poetess and writer of prose in the newspapers and magazines of fifty years ago. The maiden name of the second wife was Louisa J. Kline. She was a native of Augusta County, Virginia, and died on the 22d of October, 1874, at her home in Lafayette. On her fifty-sixth birthday she sank quietly to the Christian's rest. For nearly thirty-four years she and her husband had journeyed together over the rugged and toilsome roads of the itinerancy. In her last hours she called her two boys to her bed-side and exhorted them to follow her to the land of the blessed. Dr. Smith was recently married to Mrs. Eleanor L. Wheeler, widow of the sainted William F. Wheeler, of the North-west Indiana Conference. Mrs. Smith is known, not only in her own neighborhood, but throughout the conference, as a woman of the highest Christian culture and refinement. In her bearing is mingled the love of a mother with the dignity of a queen. To those who

know her, the mention of her name recalls a memory of all the womanly virtues.

To his family Dr. Smith has always been ardently devoted. His home attachments have been the strongest and most consoling ties of his life. Vexed with the cares and distracted with the conflicts of the ministerial office and work, he has ever found his home a haven of peace and rest.

Dr. Smith is a born leader. His quick perception, retentive memory, and indomitable perseverance have made him a man of no ordinary influence and power. Born in the same year with Beswick, Berry, and Simpson, he, as well as they, has proved himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. In power and unction of pulpit utterances, in will and judgment, and in executive capacity,

he is a worthy rival of the great names that shine in this generation of Methodism. Dr. Smith is now in his sixty-sixth year, gray-haired, and scarred with the battles of life, but still erect and powerful, firm of tread as a warrior, and elastic and full of vigor as a man of thirty. He is one of the ministerial heroes of the old school—a veteran of many campaigns and a hundred victories, one of those mighty pioneers of Methodism—apostles of the wilderness, whose food was locusts and wild honey. May the blessing of God rest upon this venerable captain in Israel; and may his remaining years, full of strength and wisdom, be sweetened with the thousand recollections of a consecrated life, and crowned with that peace which passeth understanding.

JOHN C. RIDPATH.

GLEANINGS FROM BASQUE LITERATURE.

THE Pyrenees and the adjacent districts of France and Spain have been from time immemorial the abode of a race entirely different in physique, in manners and customs, and in language, from both Spaniards and Frenchmen. In their own language these mountaineers are called *Escualdunac*, but we have given them the name of Basques. The origin of this people has long been a matter of controversy. The peculiarities which distinguish them at the present day have been characteristic of the race from the remotest period to which their history can be traced. Beyond that point a variety of conjectures has been made about them, based chiefly on a comparison of their language with those of other primitive nations.

As was to be expected, those authors who are themselves Basques by birth have laid claim to the highest antiquity for the *Escualdunac*. Among these the Abbé D'Iharce de Bidassouet deserves

special notice. In 1825, this learned gentleman published in Paris the first volume of a history of the Basque people, but the remaining portion of the work never saw the light. Of the volume published, about one-half is occupied by demonstration of the superiority of the Basque language over all others, ancient and modern. "I will not," says this ingenious author, "be so bold as absolutely to affirm that the language spoken by the Almighty in the terrestrial paradise was *Escuarac*; but it is certain that the name of the ark, in Basque *arkh*, *arkha*, as well as that of the wood with which it was constructed, are *Escuarac* words." The statement, it will be seen, is a very guarded one. When the Abbé comes to sum up his argument, he speaks with more boldness. "Let it be admitted, then," he says, "that no language in the world approaches more nearly than the Basque to that with which the Almighty inspired Adam, whether in point of

antiquity, or universality, or copiousness, or naturalness, or flexibility, or delicacy, or rhythm, or suggestiveness, or verbal structure, or perfectibility,—and my thirteenth and last problem, or rather theorem, is solved."

We can not better illustrate the diversity of opinion among the learned on the subject of the antiquity of the Basque language than by placing the opinion of M. Pierquin de Gembloux in juxtaposition with that of the Abbé d'Iharce de Bidassouet. In September 1835, M. Pierquin contributed a paper to *La France Littéraire*, in which he maintains that the Basque, like all the other languages of Southern Europe, was formed during the period which immediately preceded the age of Dante, and that the sources from which the whole of these languages were formed were identical. His mode of dealing with the question is statistical. Taking as the basis of his inquiry, a vocabulary consisting of 13,375 Basque words, he classifies them thus: six hundred and forty-four are of Hebrew or Arabic origin; fifty-two are Gothic, German or Anglo-Saxon; nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-four are either Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, or Italian; and two thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven are of unknown parentage.

Neither of these two theories of the origin of the Basque tongue has met with much acceptance; nor has the opinion prevailed that the language is of American birth, and that the Basques are the descendants of a colony of American aborigines who discovered the old world before Columbus discovered the new, though such an opinion has been seriously maintained, and has received curious confirmation in a recent American work. "It deserves notice," says M. Gallatin "that Vater could point out but two languages that on account of the multiplicity of their forms had a character, if not similar, at least analogous to those of America. These were the Congo and the Basque, the first spoken by a barbarous nation of Africa, the

other now universally admitted to be a remarkable relic of a most ancient and primitive language found in the most early ages of the world."

Larramendi and Erro wrote works to prove that the Basque was the original language of the whole human race; Dr. J. C. Prichard, in his "Researches into the Physical History of Mankind," regards it as the language of a race that came originally from the northern parts of Asia and Europe, and to which he gives the name of Ugro-Tartarian. Mr. George Borrow traces all the dialects spoken in Europe to two great Asiatic languages, the Tibetan and the Sanskrit, the sacred languages of the followers of Buddha and Brahma, and he regards Basque as of Tibetan origin. In 1801, William Von Humboldt writes to Wolf, "I find more and more of Greek in the Basque tongue." But both he and Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte afterwards came to the conclusion, that it is of the same class of languages as the Finn or Lappish, and is the remains of the ancient Iberian tongue. If any opinion can be said to predominate, where so many are in the field, this last is perhaps at the present day the most generally accepted. The difficulties that surround the study of Basque have given rise to a Spanish proverb to the effect that Satan once lived seven years in Biscay, and then left the country, finding himself unable either to understand the Basques, or to make himself understood by them.

The Basques are naturally an industrious and frugal people. The land in their country is subdivided into numerous small holdings, and the summit of a Basque's ambition is to possess one of these holdings, and to have a house of his own. He is then known as an *elche-cojauna*, or house-holder. In politics they are republican; and in Spain the Basque provinces enjoy certain political and fiscal privileges and liberties which are called *fueros*, and which have been maintained intact often at the cost of much bloodshed. All over Spain the Basque ranks as a gentleman or *hidalgo*

by right of birth, and this position is unreservedly conceded to him by the proudest Castilian. An intense, but not a gloomy, religious spirit prevails in the country. After the early vesper service on Sunday, all the Summer through, the curé, and the younger male portion of his congregation, may be seen in the village, playing at the national game of *pelota*, or tennis. At home music and dancing are the amusements of the people.

Mr. Borrow speaks with contempt of their literature, but we venture to think that he has somewhat underrated it. A few ballads and songs, and some pieces of dramatic composition, are all that remain of their ancient poetry, and even these are many of them of doubtful antiquity. The song of Altabiscar, a ballad which describes the defeat of Charlemagne's army, and the death of Roland, at Roncesvalles, will, we think, compare favorably with most specimens of ballad literature.

We present a specimen translated from the original, which we believe has never before appeared in an English dress:

THE SONG OF ALTABISCAR.

"Sounds unwonted break the stillness of the mountains of the Basques,
The master listens at his door, and 'Who goes there?' he asks,
The angry watch-dog wakens up, and hears the din afar,
And his deep howls fill the mountain slopes of Altabiscar.

In the pass of Ibaneta sounds of tumult strike the ear,
'Tis the dull and distant murmur of a host that draweth near,
Right and left the cliffs re-echo it. The mountain guard has heard,
And the signal horn blows loudly, and the master whets his sword.

They are coming! they are coming! crops of lances fill the pass,
And many tinted banners float above the mighty mass
Of men in glittering armor. 'Count, my boy, and tell to me,
Are they one, two, ten, or twenty, or how many may they be?'
'Twenty? thousands upon thousands! and more thousands follow fast;
'Twere waste of time to count them, one would never reach the last!—

Unite we then our sinewy arms—these rocks let us uproot,
And hurl them down the cliffs upon the foemen at the foot!

What seek they in our mountain home—those warriors of the north?
Why come they here to break our peace? Arise, and drive them forth!
The rocks fall like an avalanche! A bruised and bleeding mass
Of broken bones and quivering flesh lies reeking in the pass."

The literature of the Basques is especially rich in proverbs and proverbial sayings, and they have been fortunate in finding able and industrious collectors and editors for them. In 1657, Oihenart, of Mauleon, an advocate in the courts of Navarre, published a collection of five hundred and thirty-seven Basque proverbs with a French translation, and some years afterwards he made a second collection of upwards of seven hundred additional proverbs. The volume published by Oihenart, in 1657, has been reprinted, and very carefully edited by M. Francisque Michel, who has prefixed to the reprint an exhaustive bibliographical account of Basque literature.

Proverbial literature is, from its very nature, much the same among all nations. The wisdom which finds expression in a short, sharp phrase is one and the same wisdom all the world over. Consequently, very many of our very best maxims can not with propriety be regarded as the exclusive property of any one nation or language. They belong to mankind in general, and appear in almost identical forms in every language. It is only when general truths such as these are expressed in a distinctly national or local aspect, that they become fairly the property, as so expressed, of a particular nation or country.

Thus, for example, when a Basque mountaineer says, "The sea has no branches," he describes the dangers of a seafaring life in language most suggestive to a native of the Basque hills. His daily experience in the chase tells him how often he has to maintain his foot-hold by the assistance of a branch growing among the cliffs; and when he looks

down on the stormy Bay of Biscay, the thought comes naturally and vividly before him, that there are no branches there to which the drowning man may cling. The Basques are said to make the finest sailors in Spain, but we have not observed any thing in their literature indicating a love of the sea. They have this fine saying, "The man who does not know how to pray should go to sea and learn;" and again, "The world is like the sea; those who can not swim must sink."

The following describes well the pretended charity of some people: "Ancho is a great giver of alms; he always gives to the poor the feet of the pigs he has stolen."

"He that is to be hanged at Easter finds Lent short enough;" and "Lent and the gallows were made for the miserable," are both proverbs indicating no great love for the restrictions imposed by the clergy during Lent. "He that fasts has three feasts," refers to a very common practice of taking a feast immediately before and after a day's fasting, and making the one meal, permitted on the day itself, a substantial one. Excellent advice on dietetics is embodied in the following: "Use meat killed to-day, bread baked yesterday, and wine a year old, and you may say good-bye to the doctor."

There is much knowledge of the world quaintly enough expressed in sayings like these: "He that has nuts to eat will easily find stones to crack them with;" "Man meets man, but mountain does not meet mountain," which is also an old French proverb; "One eye is enough for a seller, but a hundred are not too many for a buyer;" "A coward's sword is always blunt;" "Every body's friend is nobody's friend."

The funeral ceremonies among the Basques, as is the case in many other countries, were apt to end in carousals, and this fact found expression in the

phrase, "The dead to the grave, the living to the feast."

The rapacity of the clergy is the subject of more than one proverb, such as "Avarice committed homicide, took refuge in the Church, and has never come out again." There are many sayings expressive of that love of country which characterizes all mountain races; one, for example, is "Land of the stranger, land of the wolf."

A summary, if not altogether a creditable, mode of dealing with troublesome members of the gentler sex is recommended in the advice, "Pacify a dog with a bone, and a woman with a lie." As a rule proverbs do not portray female character in its brightest colors. Solomon treats the subject at length, and with apparent impartiality, but few proverb-writers have enjoyed opportunities of studying the sex equal to those which the domestic arrangements of that monarch placed at his command.

"Blood boils without fire," expresses well the passionate temper of the Basque. "Hard bread needs sharp teeth," is an apparent truism, with much meaning under it; and the same may be said of the saying, "For a hundred horses a hundred saddles are needed." There is rough mother-wit in the remark, "The higher a monkey climbs, the more he shows his tail."

Of all these proverbs it must be said, that they lose much in the process of translation. The Basque language is terse in the extreme. Its complicated system of inflections enables it to compress much thought in few words, and brevity is one of the essential qualities of a good proverb. The specimens we have here selected, will, perhaps, suffice to show that the Basque is not behind his neighbors in shrewdness and practical wit, and that he has sometimes succeeded in giving forcible expression to the maxims which these faculties have suggested to him.

GOLDEN VIOLETS.

In olden times there was an institution at Toulouse, called the "College of Gay Sciences," which, after a decadence, was revived by the establishment of *floral games*, by Clemence Isaure, who, having founded them, confirmed the custom by her will. On each 3d of May prizes were given (for the best poems given to the College), consisting of golden violets, of exquisite workmanship. The *fête* was opened by a mass, a sermon, and alms to the poor. Clemence died unmarried, at the age of fifty, some time early in A. D. 1500.

THE IS a pleasant tale of the olden times,
Those merry and good old days
When poets rehearsed their flowing rhymes,
And minstrels caroled their lays,
That in brave Toulouse, whose walls adorn
The valley of swift Garonne,—
On fairer valley, at eve or morn,
The journeying sun ne'er shone,—
There stood a college of science gay,
Whose walls in the years gone by,
Through many a glad and joyous day
Resounded with revelry,
When gallant knights strove in glittering
mail,
Athletes in contestant games,
All bravely wrestled—while song and tale
Gave glory to poet names;
And the good patricians on gala days
To witness each gallant deed,
And join in the glad award of praise,
Gave presence and kindly heed,
To crown with laurel the victor knight,
With parseley the proud athlete,
And hail him laureate, who, aright,
Should sing of the merry *fête*.

With the changing years, so the story runs,
O'er Toulouse crept a chill of change;
Gay science was scorned by her recreant sons,
To college and camp grown strange,
Though wherefore the somber change none
yist,
Gay science was but a name,
And no brave knights rode the courtly list,
No wrestler prolonged the game.

Near by, where swift Garonne with noiseless
tide
Flows fair between its banks, a maiden
dwelt,
Last of her line, its fairest flower, its pride,
And, at her feet, a winning suitor knelt.
She loved him well—she laid her hand within
His suing palm, and blushing, bade him
rise;

Alas that greed of gold, that deadly sin,
Should fill a heart that sued for such a prize!
Forth from the palace gate he rode away.
Scarce was her troth-kiss on his lips a-cold;
One lightly cried, "How speeds Love's quest
to-day?"
He answered back, "*I love her for her
gold!*"
Bold, cruel words—the heedless spring-tide
wind
Swift to the maiden's bower their echoes
bore;
A moment since, the happiest of her kind,
Now, pierced with anguish, stood Clemence Isaure.
"He loves not me!" her white lips mur-
mured slow,
"He sues me for my gold. Oh, bitter lot.
Hush, foolish, cheated heart, 't is better so
To know the truth. Alas! *he loves me not!*"
Prone on the grass she fell—her white wan-
face
Between her trembling hands she strove to
hide;
"O Love, thy name is grief, thy tender grace
Is but a mockery," she wildly cried.
"Leave me, O life, my cruel sorrows end;
Life without love is nothing worth to me.
Take me, O death, thou only constant friend,
Releasing death, I gladly welcome thee."
While moaning there upon the ground she lay,
Against her pallid cheek, tear-stained and
wet,
Nestled, as longing soothing words to say,
With loving touch, a fair, sweet violet.
"Thou pretty flower," the tender maiden said,
"So meek, so fair, so fragrant! Wouldst
thou care
If young Clemence were sleeping with the
dead?
Thou seem'st to say thou wouldst. Thy
bloom I'll wear

Upon my wounded heart. Mayhap 't will
heal
Its bitter hurt. Mayhap from thee I'll
learn
Thy sweet content; mayhap from thee I'll
steal
A soothing balm. Thy love I will not spurn.
I'll cherish thee, thou frail, sweet pitying
flower,"
In gentlest tones the pensive maiden spake;
"Not for her gold *thou* lovest Clemence's
bower,
Thy tender comfort to my heart I'll take."

Up rode the knight to the castle door,
Merrily shone the May!
"Pray give me grace of Clemence Isaure;"
Merrily shone the May!
Clemence stood fair in the castle hall,
Merrily shone the May!
"Who loves for lucre, loves not at all;"
Merrily shone the May!
The grace is given—the word is said—
Merrily shone the May!
And the golden hopes from his heart have fled,
Merrily shone the May!

Years glided by. On fair Clemence's brow,
Time, the consoler, prest his kiss of peace;
Yet ne'er again her ear to lover's vow
She turned. From love and scorn she had
surcease.

"Youth should be cheerful, though some
hearts be sad;
In Spring-time violets bloom, I love them
well,"

Said sweet Clemence, and smiled. "I am
so glad
To think that gladness *can* within me dwell.

I have my gold, I have my violets too;
And I will send both on a joyous quest;
We 'll fill the college halls with throngs anew,
And ope the Campus to the kindly guest.

Then when each May month wakes to gentle
bloom
The tender violets so sweet and fair,
We 'll sing a solemn mass, and e'en perfume
Our feast of joy with blessed alms and
prayer.

So from the ashes of a sweet hope, dead,
In other lives fair flowers of joy may spring;

So, by a sorrow sanctified," she said,
"We 'll bid full many a heart in gladness
sing."

A long life lived Clemence, and art and song,
And all gay science knew their patron friend,
And in Toulouse each May, a happy throng,
All hearts and voices in accord to blend,
Gathered within the joyous college walls,
Where gay contestants held their floral
games;
And heartsome shouts resounded through the
halls,

Glad honors giving to the victor names.
Then, as the poets vied in measured rhymes,
To win by choicest verse, the dearest prize,
So great the ardor of the olden times;
Tears glistened oft in sympathetic eyes,
For, borne on silken cushions fair and white,
Up to the rostrum by a good knight bold,
Clemence's violets all eyes delight,
Enwrought with rarest skill, in beaten gold;
While floral choirs with sweetest blossoms
strewed

The happy poet's proud victorious way,
This the rare prize Clemence Isaure bestowed
Upon the bard who sang the noblest lay.

And still years fled. Upon Clemence's brow
Death, the releaser, prest his kiss of peace;
From every care and every sorrow now
The gentle spirit hath for aye surcease.
And fair Toulouse was shrouded all in gloom,
When sorrowing hands full gently laid to
rest

Their patron friend, within her flow'r crowned
tomb,
With golden violets upon her breast,
She died. But joyous life from out her grave
She gave to youth. Gay science flourished
still;
Her gold for college prizes still she gave,
Confirming the sweet custom by her will.

Four centuries have glided silently
Into the dim and far receding past
Since first Toulouse's poet's rev'rently
Upon Clemence's grave their garlands cast.

And still, adown the slowly gliding years,
Bruised flowers so yield their fragrance
more and more,
Comes this sweet story, fraught with smiles
and tears,
The golden violets of Clemence Isaure.

MARY E. C. WYETH.

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

SECOND PAPER.

OPAL is termed "poederos" by the Greeks, and in the Orphic poems is said to imitate the complexion of a lovely youth. Pliny says: "Of all precious stones, it is opal that presents the greatest difficulties of description, it displaying at once the piercing fire of carbunculus, the purple brilliancy of amethystos, and the sea-green of smaragdus, the whole blended together and resplendent with a brightness that is quite incredible."

This display of tints in the opal is owing to numerous minute and irregular fissures that traverse the stone in a certain direction, containing laminæ of air that reflect rays of light of different intensity and various colors. But its structure causes it to be so fragile that an opal set in a ring has been known to split by holding the hand too close to the fire on a frosty day. It is also subject to deterioration, for if the fissures, upon which its iridescence depends, become choked up by dust or grease, its value is gone. The only way of restoring it is to subject it to a certain amount of heat,—a hazardous experiment with so brittle a stone.

Like most other gems known to the ancients, opals were originally imported from India; but they are now found extensively in Hungary, Mexico, Honduras, and other places. The finest and largest are discovered imbedded in porphyry, in the mines of Czernovitz, in Hungary.

The largest opal known to the ancients was in the ring of Nonius, on account of which its possessor was proscribed by Marc Antony. It was of the size of a hazel-nut, and was valued at a sum equal to \$100,000 of our money. When Nonius took to flight he carried nothing with him but this ring. "How marvelous," adds Pliny, "must have been the cruelty, how marvelous the luxurious passion of Antonius, thus to proscribe a man for the possession of a jewel;

and no less marvelous must have been the obstinacy of Nonius, who could thus dote upon what had been the cause of his proscription." The largest opal known is in the Imperial cabinet at Vienna. For this gem \$250,000 has been offered and refused. The most beautiful was in possession of the Empress Josephine. It was named "The Burning of Troy," from the numerous red flames playing over its surface.

The opal is, in its way, peerless among precious stones, and the only one which, when extracted from the earth, as in Hungary, is soft, hardening and diminishing in size through exposure to the air. It is rarely larger, with its milk-blue beauty illuminated by sun-tints, than a nut, but has always been marvelously esteemed. In fact, the flamboyant opal of Mexico, representing an admixture of silica, iron, and water, is a magnificent gem, and its family is mentioned in the Apocalypse as including "the most noble of stones." In consequence of their being excessively prized, and of a quickly fading nature, sham specimens are fabricated to an extraordinary extent.

The turquoise, though opaque, is usually ranked with precious stones. It is a compound of phosphate and hydrate of alumina; its color is due to phosphate of copper. A certain kind of fossil ivory, colored blue by phosphate of iron, is occasionally used in jewelry under the name of odontolite, or fossil turquoise, but is inferior in color and texture to the real mineral. The turquoise in mediæval times was supposed to be endowed with many wonderful properties. Boetius de Boot relates a number of sufficiently marvelous stories respecting this stone, as coming within his own experience. "The turquoise is believed to strengthen the sight and spirits of the wearer," he says; "but its chief commendation is its protective influence against falls, which, as every

body is assured, it takes upon itself, so that the wearer escapes all hurt,—a property beyond the scope of reason. I can solemnly affirm that I always wear one in a ring, the nature of which I can never sufficiently admire." He then proceeds to relate the manner in which he became possessed of this ring. A neighbor who had been in the habit of wearing a turquoise ring of great beauty died; his property was put up for sale, and the elder De Boot purchased this ring and presented it to his son. To the great disappointment of the latter, however, the gem had become pale and faded; so much so that, as he expresses it, he thought it scorn to wear so unsightly a gem, and took it to an engraver to have his coat-of-arms cut upon it. This done, he wore the turquoise ring as a signet. What was his surprise to find the stone gradually recovering its color, and that at the end of the month its azure hue was restored. But the wonder did not cease here. De Boot was traveling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when, in the dark, his horse stumbled and fell with his rider from a bank on to a road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider was the worse, but when De Boot washed his hands the following morning, he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger half reset, and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident which was like to have caused him a broken bone, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself, and had to be reset once more. After such proof, who could doubt? Not De Boot himself, evidently.

The turquoise has always been a favorite gem for the betrothal ring, the fashion having had its origin in the belief that the permanence of its hue would depend upon the constancy of the donor.

Indifferent as we may be to the merits of precious stones in general, it must be admitted that the *diamond* has, from time immemorial, occupied a certain position in the history of nations. Thus it was one of the stones which adorned

the breastplate of the Hebrew highpriests. Homer tells us that Juno wore diamonds in her ears. The ancients maintained that the diamond imparted courage to the wearer. Certain it is that diamonds, at this moment, represent several millions of money. The value of diamonds received at the port of Boston for one week in May last, was \$27,901, besides all that may have been smuggled. Some are in want of bread, and others are suffering for diamond jewelry!

The name and history of every stone valued at a sum above \$4,000, is now perfectly known, and its whereabouts ascertained, whether it be at Amsterdam, Paris, Moscow, or London. The moment that a diamond is discovered exceeding this value, the stone, as it were, attains a sort of *état civil* in the world of lapidaries.

Numerous attempts have been made to produce artificial diamonds, but they have all been in vain. It is even doubtful whether microscopically small crystals have been formed. Diamonds are, however, very well imitated by pastes, which possess all the beauty and fire of the real stones, and flash in our street-cars, theaters, and shop windows, quite secure from detection, except by a shrewd judge of human nature as well as of stones. In order to fabricate a diamond by science, it is first necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization, mingling of pure water, a litt'le carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond.

Plato believed this stone to be created by the rays of certain stars. Apparent extremes that sometimes meet are the dreams of the poet and the realizations of the philosopher. The stars, says the former, are diamonds in the sky; diamonds, says one who, in 1876, may claim the latter title, are stars upon the earth. Who will deny that they have too many virtues to be of worldly origin? And to no mundane process within our knowledge can their birth be assigned. None can do more than speculate upon their

origin, and suggest what it might have been. The theorist who claims a celestial origin for them deserves praise for his boldness at all events, and his deserts for the validity of his suggestion are perhaps as great as those of the many who have sought to explain their formation by suppositional terrestrial actions. The sky-birth of the diamond is suggested by a Continental experimentalist, who, upon the strength of some preliminary researches, declares that intense cold dissociates chemical elements in combination. The "pure carbon" of the diamond he holds to have once been mingled with other matters, in masses of meteoric nature, coursing through space; and he argues that the intense cold which reigns in stellar space (something like two hundred degrees below zero) has been the means of isolating and crystallizing the carbon, and that diamonds have fallen from the sky like the aerolites, whose celestial source is well known. Those Cape specimens which attract so much attention are found on the surface of the ground only,—it is of no use to dig for them. This looks as though they came down rather than up. Be that as it may, this stone is singular in many respects. It is the only combustible and the only elementary substance which is used as a gem. It is the hardest material known, and its refractive and dispersive powers on light are higher than those of any other precious stone. It is also one of the most unalterable. It is not affected by chemicals, is infusible, only to be consumed by exposure to a long-continued or very high temperature, and these qualities, combined with its rare brilliancy, make it the most valuable of precious stones. It is also likely to become as useful as it is ornamental. The diamond drill is the only drill that can bore its way through certain rocks whose hardness soon dulls the best steel drills. And now a diamond saw has been invented, which promises to do with stone what the finest steel saw does with wood. It consists of a thin metal disk, the teeth of which are nothing

more than *minute black diamonds*, embedded in the metallic edge of the sheet. When revolving at a high speed, this disk cuts into the sides of a stone slab as though it were a piece of timber; and not only can straight cuttings be made, but, by an ingenious mechanical device, bevels and rounded edges are cut. As a labor-saving machine, the inventor judges that one of them will do the work of fourteen stone-cutters.

The diamond is pure carbon, chemically almost the same as graphite, or plumbago, and charcoal, but very different from them in its transparency and luster. It is generally found in octahedral crystals, having highly polished faces, and although possessing some beauty in this natural state,—owing to the high luster of the faces,—yet it has not a tithe of the splendor exhibited by a well-cut brilliant. The ancients did not know how to cut the extremely hard diamond, and were content to wear it in its natural state, but even thus they prized it highly.

In 1456, Louis Berquin, a Belgian, brought the art of diamond-cutting to a high state of perfection, and it is now carried on chiefly in Amsterdam by the Jews. Nothing but diamond will cut diamond, and therefore the stones are first roughly shaped by cleaving off slices of the gems and rubbing two stones together. Afterward they are brought to the exact shape required, and finely polished by grinding against a very swiftly revolving disk of soft steel, smeared with oil and diamond-dust. On this operation of cutting depends the brilliancy and consequent value of the gem; and as diamonds are sold by weight, there is a great tendency so to cut the stone that it may weigh as much as possible. This, however, is regarded by eminent technologists as a great error. Says Professor Cornwall: "As a stone must be cut in a certain way in order to develop the most perfect luster, any additional weight inevitably injures the effect of the cutting."

The most common form of cut diamonds is the well-known brilliant, famil-

iar to all. Another less common form, but producing a fine effect, is the rose diamond, a flat bottom, surmounted by a facetted pyramid, terminating in a point. It is somewhat remarkable that the best diamonds are found only in the torrid zone, and all mines are generally about the same distance from the equator. There are very brilliant stones in England and various other countries, but no real diamonds. The diamond mines of Golconda have been long held in the highest esteem. The principal mine is at Raolconda, five days' journey from the city of Golconda; this was discovered in the seventeenth century. The country is woody and rocky, approaching the range of hills running across the province. In the crevices of the rocks is sometimes to be found a sort of vein of sand, not more than one inch wide, and frequently not above half that width; so that the miners are obliged to employ hooked irons, with which they rake out the earth and sand; and it is among this loose stuff that the diamonds are found. They wash it with great care, securing all the stones it contains. When the vein ceases they split the rocks still further by fire, and thus recover the vein, or find another. These veins frequently extend a quarter of a mile. Borneo was also one of the most celebrated localities in ancient times; but in 1727 the diggings in Brazil were opened, and yielded so abundantly as to greatly depreciate the value of diamonds, and the dealers tried to make people believe that they were not true diamonds. Lately diamonds have been found in Australia and South Africa, and a few in North Carolina, Virginia, and California; but Brazil furnishes the best and the most abundant supplies.

According to their transparency and luster diamonds are classified into stones of the first water, second water, and refuse stones. The value and beauty of the diamond are greatest when it is so perfectly clear that the stone itself is scarcely discerned, but only the brilliant ray of light which its polished surface

reflects. It is then called a diamond of the first water; so called from the fact that it resembles a drop of pure spring water, being absolutely colorless, very lustrous, and perfectly free from flaws. An undecided tint of any color injures its value; and although deep red, green, or blue hues may give the stones an exceptional value as fancy specimens, yet in the ordinary market they would be much less esteemed. The estimated value of all the diamonds which have been discovered at the South African fields during the last three years does not fall far short of ten millions sterling. Many of the gems are of inferior quality, being of a yellowish color. The largest pure white stone weighed between seventy and eighty carats, and the largest "off-colored" two hundred and eighty-eight and one-half carat. Large ones, worth over twenty thousand dollars, are always catalogued, with an account of the place and circumstances under which they were found. These African stones lack the perfect luster of those found at Mandarga, in the Brazils, and at Golconda, in the East Indies, and have, in consequence, commanded far lower prices.

A well-cut diamond of the first water is at present worth, in New York, about fifty dollars gold if it weigh half a carat (the carat being four grains Troy), an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal. Thus an ounce of gold is divided into twenty-four carats, and gold of twenty-two carats fine is gold of which twenty-two parts out of twenty-four are pure, the other two parts are silver, copper, or other metal; the weight of four grains, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight. The term of *weight carat* derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called kuara. This bean, from the time of its being gathered varies very little in its weight, and seems to have been from a very remote period used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India, also,

the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls. A diamond weighing one carat is worth one hundred and seventy-five dollars; if two carats, five hundred and fifty dollars. Above this weight the values depend on very delicate shades of difference; one stone of three carats may bring eight hundred dollars, another might be worth one thousand dollars. Above three carats the price is only settled by agreement. A diamond of five carats is a very large stone, and above one hundred carats few are known.

It has been a matter of surprise with many that the great increase in the total stock of diamonds in the world, since the discovery and working of the diamond mines of South Africa, has not operated to lessen the price asked for these gems in our retail stores. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the diamond-cutters of Amsterdam, where, as before stated, the great majority of all the fine gems are cut, have formed a "trade's union" of the closest kind, and that the price of their work has enormously increased. When the diamonds from the Cape began to arrive freely in Amsterdam, and to accumulate in the hands of the proprietors of the cutting establishments, it was soon found that the three thousand workmen in the Dutch city were not sufficient to do the work as promptly as was desirable. The workmen, fully alive to their own interests in the matter, at once assembled and formed an alliance offensive and defensive against their employers. A society was formed called the Union of Diamond-workers. According to the by-laws, they were in duty bound to *take no apprentices*, and should any member violate this article he immediately ceased to be a member of the union, and would not be received into any diamond workshop. Should he be engaged his employer was to be denounced, and the members of the union forbidden to work for him. At intervals of three years, a number of apprentices equal to the number of members deceased during that period, will be taken among the members of the union.

This combination of the workmen has been highly successful, owing to the anxiety of holders of rough diamonds to get them cut for the market, and it has resulted in an enormous advance in prices for cutting. This is one great reason why the large supply sent from Africa has had so little influence on the prices, and why diamonds, except those of very poor quality and large size, are even higher than before the African diamond-fields were discovered.

It remains a curious fact that these Dutch diamond-cutters are the most skillful of any in the world. Such is their marvelous expertness that a workman will cut the whole twenty or twenty-four facets of the gem of exactly the same size, or at least so nearly of a size that a microscope only would reveal any discrepancy. Nor is the operation of polishing, which succeeds that of cutting, any less perfect. The wheel used for this process is a circular table of iron, known by the Dutch name of schuff. By means of machinery it is made to revolve with extreme rapidity,—sometimes at the rate of nearly three thousand revolutions per minute. In practice, a quantity of very fine diamond powder, moistened with olive oil, is placed on the surface of the iron table. Before the diamonds are polished they are set in a cone composed of an alloy of lead and tin, and this cone exactly fits in a cap which is held ready by a long handle fixed in the wall of the room, or in some convenient post. The facet of the diamond, which forms the summit of the cone, is then pressed on the revolving table and held down by weights of lead. Great care is essential, for should the diamond become loose in the cone, it would in all probability be much damaged by the edge of the facet being ground away. One facet having thus been properly polished, the stone is taken from the cone and refitted with another cone uppermost, and the same operation is repeated to the end of the work. "The Star of South Africa," the first and one of the finest stones of any considerable size which has been sent to

England from South African mines, has been set as the central stone in a coronet for the Countess of Dudley. Its present weight is forty-six and a half carats; and it is of the purest water and brilliancy.

A magnificent diamond, weighing one hundred and fifty-four carats, is said to have been found in the wall of one of the native huts in South Africa, where a poor Irish adventurer had received hospitality for the night, and that being surprised at the light shining amid the darkness, he had, upon examination, found it to proceed from a clump of the earth of which the wall was built. Of course the clump was soon detached by the friendly visitor, and the rare gem, with other smaller ones, found within.

On the 15th of April, 1873, a heavy rain having been falling for upwards of a week, a Mr. Fellows started out to fish in a small stream flowing in the Limpopo River, South Africa, and at about daylight, while digging for bait, he turned over a large piece of clay, and there, sticking fast to it, was a wonderful and mighty diamond. He immediately hid the precious stone, and worked on until his strength was exhausted, but found no more. He had no means to weigh the diamond, but experts among the miners to whom he dared exhibit it, said it would weigh from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five carats. It measured nearly one and a half inches from point to point. He was offered \$50,000 for it by a speculator, but preferred to send it to this country. It is now insured for \$75,000.

Among famous historical diamonds, the *Koh-i-noor* ranks first, as it is, without doubt, the finest diamond in the world, and one of the most ancient. Its history is one long romance; but it is well authenticated at every step, as history seems never to have lost sight of this stone of fate from the days when Ala-ud-deen took it from the rajahs of Nalwah, more than five centuries and a half ago, to the day when it became a crown-jewel of England. Baber says it came into the Delhi treasury from the conquest of Nal-

wah by Ala-ud-deen, in 1304. It was seen by Tavernier among the jewels of Aurungzebe, but had been reduced by the unskillfulness of Hortensio Borgis from seven hundred and ninety-three carats to one hundred and eighty-six carats,—the weight it possessed at the exhibition of 1851. Nadir Shah obtained possession of this celebrated diamond by an artful trick. He gave back the prostrate empire of India to his Tartar "kinsman," and exchanged turbans with him according to Oriental custom, in token of amity; but unfortunately for his vassal, the *mountain of light* was in his cap, and so was gained by his suzerain. At last it came into the hands of Runjeet Singh; and, in 1849, after the capture of Lahore, in the conquest and annexation of the Punjab, became part of the spoil of the Anglo-Indian army, and being then estimated at \$1,250,000, there was great joy over such a prize. Without consulting the army, Lord Gough and Charles Napier, chiefs in command, audaciously presented the great diamond to Queen Victoria in the name of the combatants. It was not the generals' right to rob the army by bestowing the greatest of its spoils of war upon the Queen, nor ought she to have accepted it without seeing that the soldiers had been paid for it. If we mistake not, the Indian army have not received a shilling for their capture of the *Koh-i-noor*. It is now exhibited with the Regalia, set as a bracelet, but the Queen retained the gem for a long while as her own personal property, instead of placing it among the crown jewels. In 1862, at a cost of £8,000 it was recut as a brilliant, and reduced from one hundred and eighty-six to one hundred and six and one-sixteenth carats. It was recut in about thirty-eight days, as a small steam-engine had been erected for the purpose; but the Pitt diamond, by the old hand process, occupied two years. The Brahmin sages have an hereditary superstition touching the malign powers of this stone, and the Russian war and the Sepoy mutiny will not dispossess them of it. The "Braganza" diamond in the

crown of Portugal is the *largest* known. It was found about one hundred years ago, in Brazil. Its weight is one thousand eight hundred and thirty carats! Doubts have been thrown upon the genuineness of this stone, we know not with how much reason.

The limits of this paper will not allow us to pursue the subject of diamonds further. Let us next turn to *cameos*.

A magnificent cameo, supposed to be the portrait of Octavia, the second wife of Mark Antony, and the sister of Augustus, has been brought to the notice of the Paris Académie des Inscriptions. The stone is a sardonyx, with a milky surface, the interior being of a reddish black, and the workmanship of the cameo is exquisitely delicate. The face is evidently a portrait, and the head resembles that of the Venus of Milo.

When the practice of deifying the princes and heroes became general, portraits of men took the place of more ancient types. This custom gave birth to the cameo, when Greek artists were encouraged to settle in Rome in order to supply the demand for these beautiful ornaments. Seneca mentions a ring set with the head of Tiberius in cameo. The stones principally used by the Greeks and Romans for cameo-cutting were the agate, onyx, and the Indian sardonyx; the latter was most prized on account of variety of tint in its different beds or layers, and the beautiful, warm, transparent, carnelian-like ground.

Rome is now the chief seat of the art of cameo-cutting, two kinds of which are produced,—those cut in hard stone and those cut in shells. The stones regarded as the most valuable for this purpose are the Oriental onyx and the sand onyx, provided that they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose if it has four or five different colors in parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in making the device of the cameo. For example, specimens of stone which has four parallel layers may be useful for a cameo of

Minerva, where the ground would be dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet brown or gray.

All such cameos are wrought in the lapidary's lathe, with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers, one white and the other a pale coffee-color or deep reddish orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell. Stones adapted for cameo-cutting are dense, thick, and consist usually of three layers of different colored shell material.

We all know how Julius Cæsar, when he was in love with the mother of Marcus Brutus, gave her a pearl worth nearly a quarter of a million of our money; and how Mark Antony drank one dissolved in vinegar, which cost nearly four millions, while Clodius, the glutton, swallowed one worth forty thousand. The example of Cleopatra found an imitator even in sober England. Sir Thomas Gresham, not otherwise famous for acts of folly, still so mistook the meaning of loyalty that he ground a pearl, which cost him £15,000, into a cup of wine, in order to drink thus fitly the health of his queen. The largest pearl on record is probably one brought by the most romantic of all travelers and dealers in precious gems, Travernier, of Catifa, in Arabia, where a pearl fishery existed already in the days of Pliny. It is said,—for the pearl is unknown in our day,—to have been pearl-shaped, perfect in all respects, and nearly three inches long. He obtained from the shah of Persia the enormous sum of £111,000 for the gem.

Hope's pearl, which is looked upon as the finest now known, is two inches long and four inches round. It weighs eighteen hundred grains, and like all such varieties, is of such enormous and uncertain value that no one would buy it at a market-price. The most beautiful collection of pearls belongs to the Dowager Empress of Russia. Her husband was exceedingly fond of her, and, as he

shared with other fancies also that for fine pearls with her, he sought them all over the world. They had to fulfill two conditions rarely to be met with; they must be perfect spheres, and they must be virgin pearls, for he would buy none that had been worn by others. After twenty-five years' search he at last succeeded in presenting his empress with a necklace such as the world had never seen before. As this admiration for fine pearls has been the common weakness of man in all ages and in all countries, we need not wonder at their playing a prominent part in religious writings; still it is remarkable that they are mentioned but once in the Old Testament; namely, in Job xxviii, 18, in conjunction with coral. Solomon's merchant navy traded to Ormuzd and Ind, possibly even to Ceylon; yet though his ships are recorded to have brought back consignments of ivory, apes, and peacocks, and doubtless precious stones also, we hear nothing of pearls in the enumeration of their master's riches. However, in the New Testament we find the "pearl of great price" employed as an image familiar to Oriental minds, to typify something of exceeding beauty and value; and, in after years, throughout the flowery language of Eastern poets and improvisators, "fair and spotless as a pearl" became proverbial, more especially in reference to the unsullied purity of virtue. We can hardly suppose that the pearl oysters of Ceylon or the Persian Gulf were unknown to Solomon or to his Phœnician ally, Hiram, king of Tyre, whose ships traded far and wide, and possibly rounded the Cape of Storms centuries before Vasco di Gama renamed it the "Cape of Good Hope" on his way to India.

Pearls appear to have been known at Rome after the Jugurthine War (they are found off the Algerine Coast at the present day), but it was not till after the taking of Alexandria that they became universally fashionable in the imperial city. Previously to this, however, the fame of the pearls of Britain had reached the ears of Julius Cæsar in Gaul;

nay, Suetonius declares that the cupidity of the future emperor, who had a pretty taste for gems and *objets de luxe* of every description, was the main inducement for his first invasion of Britain, where he hoped to possess himself of some of these pearly treasures. After the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we find Cæsar presenting a buckler incrusted with Britannic pearls to Venus Genitrix, suspending it as a votive offering in the temple of that goddess at Rome. Pliny takes care to mention that the inscription recorded their British origin (this alone implies that Oriental pearls must have been already well known), and he rather seems to disparage the gift on that account; but the Roman ladies were apparently of a different opinion, for Britannic pearls at once became the rage, and enormous sums were given for choice specimens by the fair leaders of *ton* at Rome. Anthony, or, as some allege, Agrippa, brought a pearl from Egypt so large that, cut in half, it formed a pair of ear-rings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon; but this was, of course, an Oriental or an African gem. The ladies of Pompeii and "shining" Baiæ, the Biarritz of imperial Rome, wore pearls in their hair and on various parts of their dress, even on the straps of their sandals, as well as on their arms, neck, and ears. In the latter they were frequently worn, as we learn from Pliny, loosely strung together in separate drops, when they were termed *crotalia*, or castanet pendants, and the fair wearers took a childish delight in the rattling of these drops, as they clicked against each other with every movement of the head.

Pliny denounces the new "sensation" very warmly, complaining that the malady had reached even the common people, who had a proverbial saying that "a pearl worn by a woman in public is as good as a lictor before her." He further makes mention of a wedding-feast at which Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, was present, covered with emeralds and pearls disposed in alternate layers

and rows on her head and hair, woven into wreaths, hanging from her ears, encircling her neck, arms, and fingers, and decorating every part of her dress. He gravely censures this prodigal display, and appraises it at no less than £300,000 English money. The Britannic pearls were held in peculiar estimation by these dainty classes for their pinky hue (at the present day those that come from the Persian Gulf are golden yellow, and the Ceylon specimens mostly white), and the Oriental ones seem for a time to have gone more or less out of fashion.

In the Middle Ages Scotch pearls were celebrated on the Continent of Europe for their size and beauty, and their peculiar pink hue was highly esteemed by foreign magnates. The famous hussar jacket of Prince Esterhazy, entirely covered with pearl embroidery, was largely indebted for its sheeny splendor to Scottish pearls. But pearls are fragile things to hold, and at court festivities the prince's track in a waltz was marked by a shower of pearls scattered profusely around him, while the wear and tear incidental to donning and doffing the precious garment was a small fortune to his valet, who gathered up the cast-off wealth of his master from the dressing room floor.

Even the New Jerusalem was revealed to St. John under the figure of an edifice with twelve doors, each of which was a single pearl.

Jane Taylor, in "The Philosopher's Scales," tells of

"A sword with gilt trappings and brilliants begirt,"
that weighed less

"Than one good potato just washed from the dirt."

Here, then, one kind of costly treasure is useless by the very fact of being one's own, when humbler property pays for its possession by rough service.

A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds and pearls and rubies and gems from almost every country on the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor with the greatest labor and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones which cost him about ten florins each, yet they yielded him an income of two hundred florins a year. In much surprise the nobleman desired to see the wonderful stones, when the man led him down to his mill and pointed to the *toiling gray millstones*. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour for the use of hundreds who depended on this work for their daily bread. The two dull, homely stones, did more good in the world, and yielded a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels.

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

AFTER BABEL.

IT is refreshing now and then to meet with a writer who, while evidently versed in all the scientific questions of the day, yet learns from all their discoveries how truly wonderful are the sacred writings. All this one feels while reading "The Builders of Babel," by M'Cousland, in which, beginning with the dispersion at Shinar, he has traced, down to

our time, the history of Noah's three sons, Ham, Shem, and Japhet, and he shows how wonderfully prophecy has been fulfilled with regard to them.

He believes in a plurality of races, holding that "it is the doctrine of a *divine creation*, as contradistinguished from the scientific dogma of the unity of race and the propagation of the various species of

mankind by natural selection. It is, in fact, the doctrine of the Bible."

He believes, too, in pre-Adamite man. In his own words, "if weapons and implements, of types that are in use among uncivilized savages of the present day are found, as they have been in abundance, and buried in clays and gravels that could not have been disturbed for many thousands of years, it is as certain that the savage was an inhabitant of our continent untold ages before the Mosaic date of the creation of our forefather Adam, as that civilized man is now an inhabitant of the same countries."

These brief sentences show the breadth of the author's views, and by them, any who may be inclined to waver in their religious belief because of a little knowledge regarding some hypotheses that apparently contradict our Bible, may see that one who knows more than they on these topics, has, in his earnest study of the Scriptures, found nothing contradictory to the testimony of God as revealed in his work in our own day, or far back in remotest ages.

It was God's will that the tribal identity of the three families of Shem, Ham, and Japhet should be preserved by a tribal separation, and this was accomplished by the confusion of tongues. Why it was so ordained we may not *exactly* know, but if all history shows that Noah's prophecy concerning his sons was fulfilled, it is an added proof to the many we already hold, of the divine origin of that Book on whose truth, as an oracle of God, rests all our hope of immortality.

Beginning with Ham, at the time of the dispersion, his descendants were more powerful and considerable than either of the other tribes, and under their ancient names of Cushites, Egyptians, Canaanites, and Phœnicians, occupy the most imposing position in the early history of civilized communities. Babylon, Nineveh, Baalbec, Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, not to mention Tyre and Sidon, and a host of other cities, whose *ruins* surpass the grandest architectural monuments of modern times, were designed

and executed by the descendants of Ham.

Of the four sons of Ham, the progeny of Cush remained in possession of "Chaldea, the lower portion of the great Mesopotamian plain, and spread themselves gradually throughout the Arabian peninsula." Mizraim migrated to Egypt. The descendants of Phut are generally supposed to be the Berber races of North Africa. Canaan took possession of the land of that name, including Phœnicia and her colonies.

As Babylonia and Assyria are now, and have been for many centuries, inhabited by a people speaking Semitic languages, they are commonly supposed to be descendants of Shem. But it has been discovered that a people whose language was neither Semitic nor Aryan inhabited those countries long before the Semitic was its spoken language, and Rénan, who has thoroughly studied the matter, says there is no doubt that on the banks of the Tigris dwelt a race known as the Cushite.

The exhumed monuments of Babylon and Nineveh make it apparent that the Assyrian civilization had as little resemblance to Semitic as to Aryan civilization, and was of an earlier date than either.

Most of our knowledge of ancient times has been conveyed to us by the Greeks, and it is now generally admitted that Arabia, the land of Cush, is by them described as Ethiopia. It is a mistake to suppose that the Ethiopia of the ancients was situated in Africa; the countries on the Upper Nile received that name "because they were colonies or dependencies of Arabia, and when the sway of the Asiatic Cushites sank before the inroad of more powerful peoples, these countries lost their original name, and Ethiopia was confined by the Greeks and Romans to the countries now known as such in Upper Egypt."

The modern inhabitants of Arabia are, for the most part, the descendants of Ishmael, who succeeded the Cushites in the possession of that country.

While ancient writers describe Arabia

in terms so extravagant that it is impossible to believe them,—as when Diodorus Siculus speaks of the porticoes of their houses and temples being, in some cases, "overlaid with gold,"—modern writers have, until quite recently, led us to believe that it is the most barren of lands. The latest accounts of travelers suffice to show that Central Arabia is well calculated to have been the site of an extensive commercial community, and the immense ruins in the Syrian desert attest that in by-gone days these waste lands were widely cultivated and full of popular life.

Rénan says: "In ages farther back in the past than the beginnings of any old nations mentioned in our ancient histories, Arabia was the seat of a great and influential civilization. It is now admitted that a people of the Cushite or Ethiopian race, sometimes called Hamites, were the first civilizers and builders throughout Western Asia, and they are traced by the remains of their language, their architecture, and the influence of their civilization on both shores of the Mediterranean, in Eastern Africa and the Nile Valley, in Hindooostan, and in the islands of the Indian seas. This people had a country which was the home of their civilization." They were not a swarm of nomads nor a flood of disunited tribes; "their traces reveal the spirit of developed nationality, and the country from which their enterprise and culture went forth to other lands must have been Arabia."

Of the Phoenicians, the descendants of Canaan, we know more than we do of any others of the Hamite race. There has been some discussion as to whether they were all Canaanites, or whether the Phoenicians were immigrants of a later date, and the Canaanites the original inhabitants of the land. All their social and political institutions were in direct contrast with those of the true nomadic descendants of Shem; therefore, though their language may have been Semitic, Professor Rawlinson considers them to have been of Hamitic extraction.

There was apparently a similarity of language between the Semite and Hamite, such as never existed between either of them and the Japhetic. After a time the result of close communication was to Semitize the Hamites so far as their language was concerned, while in other respects they remained as distinct as ever from Shem's descendants. But, although this transition did take place, the existence of an original Hamite language is beyond dispute, as is evidenced by the "lately discovered inscriptions on the bricks, slabs, and cylinders of ancient Babylon and Nineveh; and traces of it are still to be found, according to the best authorities, in the language of the Himyarite Arabs, the Galla dialect of Abyssinia, and the Berbers in Northern Africa." It is also mentioned in the book of Daniel as the "tongue of the Chaldeans,"—the language of literature at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, 600 B. C.

The Phoenicians were supreme throughout the Mediterranean, and even beyond the Pillars of Hercules. Tyre sent forth numerous colonies, and the vessels of her merchant princes penetrated as far west as the islands of Madeira, and north to the British Isles and the Baltic. Traces of them have also been found in India and Ceylon, and it is supposed by many that the wonderful ruins in Mexico and Central America are the work of the descendants of Ham.

Carthage was the latest survivor of the Phoenician colonies; and Cadmus, to whom we are indebted for letters, was a Phoenician. The architectural remains in Egypt are standing monuments of its former greatness. Its pyramids are world-famous.

As to the descendants of Phut, the Berber races, they are a remarkable people; "and the Touaricks, who are the purest and proudest of the race," Captain Lyon, in 1821, described as the finest race of men, physically speaking, whom he had ever seen.

These are the descendants of Ham, of whom it was written, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto

his brethren." These are the people who, despite their wealth, their power, and their learning, have become politically extinct, and even passed from the memory of man. Their architectural triumphs, the sole relic of their former greatness, have, until within the last half-century, been viewed as the work of their Semitic brethren; and among intelligent people the negro has been looked upon as a lineal descendant of Ham, and African slavery been justified by Noah's prophetic curse. They lived in fair and fruitful lands, they became mighty men on the earth; but their religion was an abomination, and truly has it come to pass, as was prophesied of Nineveh, that their cities are a desolation and a wilderness.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Shem." Orientalists divide the Semites into two classes. One comprises the Hebrews and the Arabs, "commonly known and distinguished as the nomad branch;" the other, or political branch, comprises the inhabitants of Phoenicia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Yemen, or Arabia Felix. But of these the Hebrews and Arabs, the descendants of Isaac and Ishmael, the children of Abraham, through whom the blessing on Shem was transmitted and continued to posterity, are alone the exponents of the true Semites, as regards the prediction of Noah. The others are descendants of Shem outside the lineage of Abraham, or of Hamite origin.

We know how the Hebrews have been persecuted in all lands; how their property has been confiscated; their persons subjected to all kinds of torture. Yet they have prospered in the face of almost insuperable obstacles, and though destroyed as to their autonomy they have preserved their nationality of race, and remained faithful to the truth committed unto them. To their father Abraham was the promise given, "In thy seed shall all the kingdoms of the earth be blessed," and all our knowledge of the Most High has flowed down to us "through an exclusively Semitic channel."

Of the Ishmaelite it was prophesied that

he should be a wild man, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. The Arabs have from time immemorial been divided into two great races,—the tribe of Adnan and the tribe of Khattan. The former are the descendants of Ishmael, the latter claim descent from Joktan, the son of Shem, and have always regarded the tribe of Adnan as intruders. The Khattanites have lived in towns, cultivating, to some extent, the arts of civilization, while the Ishmaelite Arabs "have roamed in nomadic freedom through the deserts of Arabia, lawless invaders and plunderers of the property of their neighbors, who have ever regarded them with implacable hostility." They were wanderers without any bond of union until Mahomet bound them, and all the other Arab tribes, in the holy league of Islamism. Then the spirit of fanaticism led them into a career of conquest unequaled in the history of mankind; but after living in the greatest luxury and splendor in their conquered countries for nearly four centuries, they retired again to their tents in Arabia, and returned to their ancestral mode of life. They were unchanged, and according to the prophecy made concerning them, they remain unto this day. That the Hebrews were not worshipers of the one true God from an intuitive moral conviction is proved by their proneness to relapse into the most degrading polytheistic idolatries, as their history is continually telling. They needed frequent divine revelations to keep them mindful of the Lord God of Shem. The supernatural element in Semitic history had been presented in a twofold aspect. First, in the direct personal revelations of God, of his name and attributes, to the early Semites; and second, in the prophetic powers accorded to the most distinguished of the same people. These predictions have been verified by subsequent events. The revelations were for the teaching of the Israelites; the prophecies, the evidence vouchsafed to believers throughout all ages. The Israelites were a chosen race, but despite their

peculiar blessings they sinned grievously, and since the death of Jesus Christ the Japhetite has been, according as it was predicted, dwelling in the tents of Shem. But according to the usual interpretation of Biblical prophecy, a glorious future is reserved for the Semitic race, and the history of the world reveals to us that the Hebrews and Arabs, the true Semites, have hitherto fulfilled their predicted destinies to the letter, and they seem now to be waiting, all unaware of their futures, for some other grand displays of the purposes of God respecting them. After the dispersion at Shinar, the districts which invited the enterprising and colonizing instincts of the Japhetite were Europe, to the north and west, and Persia and Hindooostan, to the east. The anatomical structure, the mythology and traditions, and, above all, their languages, pronounce the Persian, the Hindoo, and the European to be all of the same race. Professor Max Müller, who has been an earnest student of the Sanskrit literature, has told us much of the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, and approximates by satisfactory reasoning to the actual age of the earliest of them. The Rig-Veda was considered an ancient and sacred book as far back as the sixth century before the Christian era, and it is now generally supposed that the authors may have been contemporaries of Moses and Joshua.

The Rig-Veda and the Vedic literature in general are important witnesses on the question of the identity of the Aryan colonizers of India with the sons of Japhet. From those sources we learn that the progenitors of the Hindoos had abstract ideas of a Creator, omniscient and omnipotent. They were aware of their own weakness and sinfulness, and of God's mercy; they believed in the immortality of the soul and a future state of rewards and punishments. Their religion was a pure theism; there were no idols; "but notwithstanding the purity of the source, the religious history of India is one continued decline." Philologists have shown that the Aryans

started with pure conceptions of God, but were beguiled by words and names into a multiplication of divinities. The names given to the various powers of nature in time lost their original signification, and were used as proper names designating real personages, as when "Agni, the fire, became the being that burned," and was invoked by the nations as a god.

Such a change could not take place in the Semitic language, as it has no tendency to phonetic corruption. The Semites, therefore, never had a mythology, and though they sometimes worshiped strange gods, they were not gods of their own invention or imagination.

In the ancient Hindoo literature we find traces of the prominent Semitic traditions that are known to have prevailed among the Adamite race before the dispersion at Shinar, such as those of the Creation and the Flood.

According to the Zend-Avesta, the ancient Scripture of the Parsees, the progenitors of the eastern Aryans or Persians, the world was created in six periods,—the heavens, the water, and the earth, in the first three; then trees, animals, and man.

These coincidences can be accounted for "only by the existence of an intimate connection between the two races, Semitic and Aryan, at some antecedent period of their history."

As the Rig-Veda and Zend-Avesta were composed one thousand years before they could have been committed to writing, and as the art of writing was unknown to the Semites before their captivity in Egypt, the authors of the Hindoo and Persian Scriptures "could not have acquired their knowledge of Semitic traditions through any channel but that of personal intercourse, and that, too, at a time when both races spoke the same language." For facts are capable of simple explanation if we accept the story of the Bible, but wholly inexplicable if we consider the events therein narrated to be mythical.

Several eminent Sanskrit scholars have

discovered that the Aryan ancestors of the Hindoos entered India through the narrow passes of the Hindoo-Koosh, about 2000 B. C., about the time of Abraham. They found it inhabited by a very inferior race of natives, whom they reduced to subjection; but to this day they are found mixed up with the Hindoos, though distinguishable by their aspect and language. As the Hamites also had found their way to this country, it is probable that as the Aryans advanced they encountered and expelled them. "Here, as elsewhere, they retired before the nobler race until they disappeared altogether from the map of the civilized world."

Every thing proves the eastern Aryans to have been a superior race; but after a few generations the enervating effect of the climate "relaxed their activity and converted their philosophy into dreamy speculations."

The European has been the conqueror of nature, and his progress is the theme of the world's history. We can trace back his pedigree to ancestors who, journeying from the East, made of a wilderness inhabited by savages a fruitful land. They entered the forests of Central Europe and were hidden for two thousand years, but continuing in the career prophesied for them; as they have emerged from spiritual darkness into the light of Gospel truth, they have taken up the long-neglected thread of scientific inquiry dropped from Grecian hands when the limits assigned to the pagan mind had been reached, and in studying nature's laws and obtaining a conquest over her forces have contributed wonderfully to man's happiness and comfort. As to those sons of Japhet who entered and occupied Greece, and whose descendants are found to the south and west of the Danube and Rhine, history has thrown some light on their career. They made astonishing progress in the arts, science, and literature, and we may regard Greece as the nursery of the Japhetic race, where the first rudiments of knowledge were acquired and realized, while Central Europe was the school in which they

were disciplined and prepared for the active business of manhood.

The germ of the Grecian accomplishments was derived from the Phoenicians, but their greater refinement purified, and their intuitive perception of the beautiful elevated and expanded, every thing they touched, and adapted their knowledge to higher purposes than was possible to the sensual Hamites.

That the Greeks were indebted to the Egyptians as the source of their scientific knowledge has been denied, after investigation, by competent authorities. They were indebted to them and to the Phoenicians "for many of the practical arts and accomplishments of civilization, but *the scientific faculty* that adds link to link in the great chain of causation was the peculiar heritage of the Aryan or Japhetic race." The existence and exercise of this faculty is, to some extent, due to the genius of their languages. Language and thought react on each other, and it is more than probable that without the Japhetic language, the Japhetic turn of thought would not exist. With them, as with the Semites, they were prepared for the work appointed them in the confusion of tongues at Shinar.

Thus have the three sons of Noah fulfilled the destiny predicted of them; a blight, like a curse, has fallen on the descendants of Ham; as Christians we worship the God of Shem; and we, descendants of Japhet, see every where how marvelously he has been enlarged. Conquerors wherever their feet have been set, to them does the world owe its material prosperity.

I close this slight sketch of a most interesting book with a quotation concerning the sons of Noah:

"But what, it may be asked, was the purpose of God in this visitation on the early ancestors of the Caucasian race? It was not required, as generally supposed, for the dispersion throughout the earth of the descendants of Noah, for such a dispersion would have been the necessary and natural result of increasing population, spreading itself abroad as

naturally as a growing tree shoots forth its branches. The necessities of living would have insured the expansion of the race throughout the world. But God does nothing in vain; and in this instance his direct interposition was required to restrain the evil of such a godless dispersion. Experience has shown us that the knowledge of the one God, the Creator and Governor of the world, would soon

have been extinguished in the whirl and eddy of the rushing and contending streams of worldliness and self-seeking if the great JEHOVAH had not ordained and separated a peculiar people to be the depositaries and witnesses of his religion, strengthening them by repeated personal revelations of his power and goodness for the performance of the duty imposed upon them."

ALICE WAYNE.

JOHN WYCLIF, A PIONEER REFORMER.

THE state of society in Europe during the Middle Ages presents one of the most melancholy and shocking pictures in the entire history of time. The papacy, enthroned in its loftiest supremacy, compelled kings to cringe in lowliest debasement at its feet; exacted enormous revenues from the countries, often four times as great as those expended on the entire civil administration; and exemplified fully its traditional doctrine and policy, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion."

To such heights did papal insolence attain, that the most powerful sovereigns of Europe were compelled tamely to submit to its arbitrary dictation. Henry IV, of Germany, refusing to submit to some of the decrees of Gregory VII (Hildebrand), was promptly excommunicated, and his subjects absolved from all allegiance to him. Deserted by his nobles and threatened by the German princes, the king found it necessary to make his submission. In the depth of Winter he appeared, clad in a shirt of hair and bare-footed, with his wife and child, before the gate of the papal residence, where he sued for pardon in this abject manner until the fourth day, when he ignominiously surrendered his crown to the relentless pontiff. King John, of England, surrendered his crown and kingdom to the pope, and, in the presence of his sub-

jects, bowed in abject submission and kissed the legate's foot. Frederick, Emperor of Germany, submitted to be trodden under the feet of Pope Alexander, without making the slightest resistance. In some portions of Europe the ecclesiastics, by artful imposture, had wrung from the deluded populace more than half the property of the nations, and as they refused to share the burden of taxation, they literally dwarfed and impoverished the countries. As the priests claimed exemption from all civil jurisdiction, gross crimes were committed by them with comparative impunity, and through the venality of the pontifical courts, a dispensation was easily obtained in cases of extreme corruption.

The unbridled licentiousness of the ecclesiastics, the luxury and vanity of the higher classes, the ignorance, degradation, and misery of the masses, are matters on which all historians agree. Learning was pursued by the meagre few, the sophistries and mysticisms of the schools tending rather to retard than to promote wholesome intelligence. It was in these times, when exact knowledge had nearly ceased and virtue had well-nigh expired, when monkery, like a blackened cloud, had overspread all the Eastern world, when the schools were subsisting on vagaries and the Churches on ceremonies, that a star of unwonted brilliancy

arose, and shed its radiance on that be-nighted hemisphere, and lent its light to future ages.

John Wyclif was born of respectable parentage, in a village of the same name, in Yorkshire, England, some time in 1324. His ancestors had resided since the Conquest on a fine estate, still held at his birth, rendering the family quite wealthy. About the year 1340 he entered Queen's College, Oxford, an institution then in its infancy, but was soon removed to Merton College, the most distinguished at that period, and where many of the finest scholars of that age were educated. He is said to have attained proficiency in the civil, canon, and common law, but as his parents designed him for the Church, he devoted himself, with greatest assiduity, to scholastic philosophy and divinity. The extensive quotations in his subsequent publications from Jerome, Ambrose, Gregory, and Augustine prove that he made thorough acquaintance with these Latin fathers, and he seems to have valued Augustine as next in authority to the Scriptures. One of his biographers says: "He was not only skilled in the fashionable arts of that age, and in that abstruse, crabbed divinity, all whose fruit is thorns, but he was also well versed in the Scriptures,—a rare accomplishment in those days."

Wyclif early became dissatisfied with the scholastic divinity of his times, and as thoroughly disgusted with the lives of those charged with the religious culture of the people. It is highly probable that those appalling visitations of Providence which occurred about the middle of the fourteenth century, shaking nearly all Europe with earthquakes, and then desolating it with pestilence, until more than half the population of several countries disappeared, made a profound impression upon his soul, favorably molding his early manhood for the moral battles that followed.

In 1361 Wyclif was chosen warden of Balliol College, and was presented to the living in Fillingham, Lincolnshire. Here he remained until 1365, when he was ap-

pointed warden of Canterbury Hall by Simon de Islip, its founder, then primate of England. Canterbury had been established for the reception of secular scholars and monks. An unhappy rivalry had long existed between these two classes of inmates, which Wyclif tried in vain to overcome. He had already incurred the displeasure of the monks, and at the death of Islip, which occurred soon after the appointment, Wyclif was removed. He protested and appealed to the courts, but, after seven long years of litigation, both pope and king decided against him. While the decision of this suit was pending Pope Urban V renewed his claim to an annual payment of a thousand marks, pledged by King John to Innocent III. The payment of this tribute had been withheld for thirty-three years. Challenged by an anonymous monk, Wyclif deliberately published his views, boldly declaring the papal claim baseless on principles both of *reason* and *Scripture*.

In his fifty-third year, he received the degree of doctor of theology, an honor conferred upon few at that time, but which gave then great authority and currency to one's teachings. His life-bark was henceforth destined to rock on more troubled seas. He at once began to lecture on theology before the students of the university, where he was received with such applause that his opinions in matters of divinity were like those of an oracle. In 1375 Wyclif was presented by the king to a prebend in the Collegiate Church of Westbury, and soon after to the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

The struggle between the English crown and the papacy continued for many years. In 1376 a Parliamentary remonstrance stated that the taxes paid to the pope yearly out of England were five times the amount paid to the king, and that the richest prince in Christendom had not the fourth part of the income received by the pope out of England alone; and it further declared that "God had committed his sheep to the

pope to be pastured, and not to be shorn or shaven."

Wyclif had now become a man of more than national fame. His scathing denunciations of the begging friars; his published declarations against the arrogant claims of the court of Rome; the stand he had taken in the embassy sent to treat with the delegates of Gregory X, in relation to papal reservations on benefices in England, had attracted the attention of the Roman pontiff, and in 1377 letters were sent to the bishop of Oxford, of Canterbury, of London, and to the king, to inquire diligently into his teaching, and to keep him in custody for further instructions. Indeed, he had already been summoned by the bishop of London to appear before the English convocation and answer to a charge of heresy. At the time appointed Wyclif appeared with the Duke of Lancaster on one hand and Henry Percy, Lord Marshal of England, on the other. An angry altercation between the duke and the bishop ensued, the throng of spectators broke into a tumult, the meeting was dissolved, and Wyclif withdrew under cover of his powerful friends without saying a word. Thus closed the first organized attempt to gag the man whose utterances were shaking the world.

The next year he appeared in obedience to a summons from the archbishop before a synod at Lambeth. A list of objectionable tenets attributed to him was presented to him with an admonition not to repeat them. He presented a written reply which was speedily pronounced heretical, yet, strange to say, he was allowed to depart amid the acclamation of the bystanders. In 1382 he again uncovered his head before the convocation at Oxford, to answer for heretical teachings against the doctrine of the real presence. His only penalty was banishment from the university, when he retired to Lutterworth, where he spent the remainder of his life, a faithful and unwearied pastor and preacher. Here he revised his theological lectures, produced some valuable tracts and treat-

ises, and completed the translation of the Bible. He was finally cited to appear before the pope at Rome, but declining health prevented the undertaking. The highest worldly honor awaited him. If it is honor to a soldier to die amid the roar of the conflict, or to a statesman to expire in the halls of legislature, is it not equally so for the clergyman to die in the pulpit or in the chancel? For two years previous to his final departure he had suffered with paralysis. The last stroke which deprived him of consciousness and speech overtook him while distributing the bread at the Lord's-supper. He died on the 31st of December, 1384, in the sixty-first year of his age.

As a student and author John Wyclif, considering the times in which he lived, the meagre incentives held out to authorship, the multiplied discouragements and oppositions he every-where encountered, stands deservedly and commandingly high. He was singularly formed to toil and lead. His assiduity while a student in the university secured notoriety, and every succeeding step in his upward brilliant career was marked by a firmness and energy that could be neither daunted nor wearied. Singularly original and astute in mind, he brushed away as spiders' webs the superstitions and vagaries so universally received in his times. Amid darkness almost impenetrable, his career exhibits the majestic march of a mind too true and great to be blinded by the sophistries of the schoolmen, the devices of the prelacy, the vanity or ambition of the wealthy, or the prejudices of the poor. He was a voluminous writer, and it is to be regretted that no complete edition of his works has been published. An English prelate stated soon after his death that his writings were as numerous as those of Augustine. Among his most important productions may be mentioned the "Trialogus." It consists of a series of dialogues between three characters known as Aletheia, or Truth; Pseudis, or Falsehood; and Phronesis, or Wisdom. Truth is a sound divine stating questions;

Falsehood is the caviling unbeliever; Wisdom decides like a theologian. This work embraced all the theological disquisitions of its day, and treated them in the scholastic form rife in that age. His treatise on the Lord's-supper, entitled the "Wicket," was one of the most influential works of those days. Another treatise on the "Truth of Scripture" was an elaborate and valuable production. It was in Latin, and but two manuscript copies are now extant, one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the other in Trinity College, Dublin. Another useful and popular work in its time was the "Poor Caitiff." Many of his papers were destroyed by his enemies, and as he lived before the invention of printing it was difficult to preserve them. But his greatest work was the translation of the Bible from the Latin Vulgate into the Anglo-Saxon. To this great man belongs unquestionably the immortal honor of first placing the open Bible before the English reader, and no event in the march of the Anglo-Saxon race is stamped with greater importance. Others had translated detached portions of the inspired volume, but lacked the courage or caliber to undertake the whole. After the toil of weary years it was completed in 1383, and transcribers employed to multiply copies for the people. Its introduction was an appeal to private judgment; it awakened a spirit of inquiry, and begat a love of letters. Men became more thoughtful and honest, as they always do when loaded with a sense of personal responsibility. Thus was planted in the English-speaking nations, the seed of purity and power destined to unfold until its branches shall cover the globe.

But Wyclif deserves notice pre-eminently as a *pioneer reformer*. His theology he drew directly from the sacred Scriptures, which he declared contained all things necessary to faith and practice. Here he swept away at a single swoop all of tradition and of papal infallibility. Like Luther, Zwinglius, and all true reformers, he attained, by gradual processes, to a purer faith and to a ripeness

of experience and thought. He first de-claimed and wrote against the vices of the monks simply. Next against the encroachments of the papacy upon the civil administration. Afterward, while he admitted the pope to be the Bishop of Rome, he denied his supremacy and infallibility. Finally he rejected all the approved notions of the five empty sacraments and of purgatory, of prayer to and for the dead, of transubstantiation and of papal indulgence and pardon. The march of his great soul culminates in the sublime. Trusting in God he arose in all the majesty of truth to sweep from the earth, as with the besom of destruction, the entire network of papistical vagaries. Divinely illumined and electrified in the midst of universal and enthroned corruption, he felt prepared to make the boldest stand in defense of truth and humanity. He denounced the Romish hierarchy, and exposed its secret and open corruptions. But his career was not the ravings of a madman, simply to tear and destroy. When he pulled down a structure he immediately reared a better; when he plucked up a thorn he invariably planted a rose.

Wyclif knew that the light of revelation alone had raised him above his fellows. He looked upon the deluded, drooping millions of his countrymen deeply sunken in ignorance, the helpless slaves of unholy tyrants, and his heart bled over their woes. Two centuries in advance of his time, he clearly discerned the cause and cure of the nation's malady. So deeply was the Roman priesthood imbedded in its vices, so firmly cemented to its soul-crushing policy, that the introduction of the Bible into the hands of common people afforded the direct and only method for the purification of society. To accomplish this great work was the ambition and struggle of his life, and he lingered but a year after it was accomplished. His work was, of course, derided by the hierarchy. Knighton, one of Wyclif's contemporaries, said: "Christ delivered his Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might

administer to the laity and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of man; but this master, John Wyclif, translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity and to women who can read than it formerly had been to the most learned of the clergy. In this way the Gospel pearl is cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious both to clergy and laity is rendered the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy is made forever common to the laity."

In undertaking this task Wyclif exposed himself to every earthly peril. The language of his conduct has been interpreted thus: "To live and be silent is with me impossible, the guilt of such treason against the Lord of heaven is more to be dreaded than many deaths. Let the blow therefore fall. Enough I know of the men whom I oppose, of the times on which I am thrown, and of the mysterious providence which relates to our sinful race to expect that the stroke will ere long descend. But my purpose is unalterable, I await its coming." That he stood up twenty years in open defiance before the strongest despotism of time, and died unmolested, is equally a matter of history and of wonder. Several things, doubtless, contributed to his suc-

cess. His integrity, coupled with his scholarly and resolute bearing, overawed the priests brought into immediate contact with him. In all matters of controversy and learning he carried too many guns for his antagonists. He was also supported by powerful secular alliances. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and son of Edward III, was his firm and life-long friend. But when the Duke's influence waned, Wyclif was as resolute as ever, proving that his reform was not the cry of the politician. The intestine rivalries in the Roman See, and contentions between opposing popes, drew off attention from England; and Rome, though always the same in heart, had not yet devised all her fiendish schemes to suppress light and brutalize humanity. The great pioneer reformer died before any penal law against heresy had crimsoned the statute-books of England, and a hundred and fifty years before Loyola organized his Jesuits. That Rome made decided advances subsequently in her policy appears in the fact that forty-four years after the burial of Wyclif his remains were exhumed and burned, and his ashes cast into the flowing stream. Finally, a wise and overruling Providence, that had raised him up for this special work, and gave him ability to pursue it, suffered not a hair of his head to perish until all was accomplished.

J. F. RICHMOND.

FROM CAEN TO ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER VIII.

MANY weeks were spent by Claas in traveling through the States of Holland, where he made close study of the various productions of the country, in view of their possible commercial value to Normandy. He was met by a cordial welcome in whatever place he visited, encountering also many compatriots who

were in some remote degree his relatives. At Friesland, in Guelders, in Zelande, in the city of Amsterdam, Leyden, Harlaem, and Dordrecht, often at the head of silk manufactories, others for cloth, velvet, and paper, in large establishments for hats, and in sugar refineries, he found refugees, whose workmen belonged not

only to the kingdom of France, but who came from the same province as himself.

From the cities of Normandy, Picardy, Poitou, and Bretagne, the half, the third, or the quarter of their population had made themselves homes in England and Holland. In the minds of a few of the exiles, there still lay some bitterness toward those reformers who had remained within the dominion of France. They were disposed to accuse their brethren of cowardice or hypocrisy, but not one could suspect the young Claas Basèrat of any trait so infamous and criminal. The sacrifices made by his family to the Protestant cause were widely enough recognized by their brethren in the faith to open a willing door to the young merchant, even that of the most inhospitable.

After having finished his business negotiations with the fathers, then he was welcomed as a friend of the family, and more than one young maiden sighed within herself, at the thought that this brave young stranger would return as he had come, *alone*, to France. But such was not the intention of Claas. He had often cast an admiring glance on the portrait of his cousin Martha, as he and Pitre were sitting in their room at Caen, and which the girl had given to her brother at the moment of his departure from Holland. He had learned to love the frank expression, the serene forehead, the rosy cheeks which the painter had depicted with perhaps sufficient accuracy; but at sight of Martha herself, clad in her black robes, with eyes wearied by oft-shed tears and painful watching, her face pale with confinement and grief, the real image took possession of his heart. He had always fancied her as fresh and happy,—now he was conquered by the tender aspect of her grief.

"What a happy thought, that before leaving Caen I confided to my mother the project which, in truth, I had scarcely conceived myself. Now I know well that her niece would please her in every way. She would compel my father to approve, and thus I have only to win the consent of my cousin Martha alone. She can an-

swer for herself, and is under no person's control!"

Martha Basèrat had deserted the lovely "House of Flowers" a few days subsequent to the funeral of her aunt. Madame Pâris, without any delay, had opened to the bereaved child her own home, saying, with affection, that it must henceforth be Martha's as well, yet in the secret recesses of her heart believing that this residence would not be for long. The young girl had preserved an absolute silence regarding the promise she had made to her aunt on her death-bed, and Madeleine was filled with expectancy that she should yet see her niece depart from France as the wife of her cousin Claas. The hidden thought found its outward manifest in a sigh from the mother, who had so entirely adopted the children of her husband as her own. It was breathed forth in memory of William, the eldest son, who still remained with the regiments in England.

"Well, he is not here, and Claas is very good!" she said to M. Pâris, who shrugged his shoulders without replying. His son William did not seem in haste to marry.

Claas had now returned to Rotterdam, and his business here appeared to be indefinitely prolonged. Each day, as it passed, found him in his uncle's house, sometimes taking earnest part in conversations of the Holland merchants, and contracting business relations, which would be for his future benefit. But more frequently one found him quietly installed in the handsome parlor of his aunt, with its adornments of beautiful lacquered furniture and rare, rich porcelain from China and Japan—these last, gifts from correspondents to her husband. It was in this apartment also that Martha and her cousins, the Mademoiselles Pâris, either worked at their embroidery, or arranged their household matters. Madame Pâris, in spite, of Martha's entreaties, continued to look upon her niece in the light of a visitor, so that nothing was left her but to pursue her work of embroidery or netting, often in silence. Claas was to

carry back to France the results of her toil. Wristlets for Pitre, an embroidered aeckerchief for her aunt, and a double quilt of eider-down for her grandmother. The young man looked with much interest on these divers occupations, and passed long hours by the side of Martha's work-table, telling her of Normandy, the household ways of the paternal dwelling, and trying to portray, one after another, those to whom he was so fondly attached there.

"I wish you would learn to love them, too," he once said to Martha.

The blushing Martha returned the low answer, "I love them already."

And now came urgent letters from the partners of the mercantile house at Caen, asking the return of Claas. Monsieur Basérat, no longer young, soon learned by the prolonged absence of his son, how essential Claas had insensibly become to the complicated business of the house.

Pitre was necessarily devoted to his duties of interpreter, and Madame Jean Basérat, so competent as cashier in the office and as bookkeeper, was hardly equal to these varied employments, often compelled as she was to remain by the bedside of her mother-in-law as nurse. She had not confided to her husband the vague project conceived in the mind of Claas. She wished to gain time for the confession, so that her chief endeavor now was to convince the several interested parties in Caen, that the long stay of her son in Holland was essential to the furtherance of his plans. M. Basérat groaned with disappointment, and would not suffer himself to be persuaded. Letter after letter was dispatched to his son, filled with earnest requests for his return, until the young man became first troubled, and then annoyed at their frequency.

By nature modest and unobtrusive himself, Claas well understood the reserved, proud nature of the woman whom he loved. Nor did he for a moment feel assured of the fulfillment of his hope, even should he summon courage to speak of it to its object. At length, however,

he made a resolve to speak to his Aunt Madeleine. Before this visit to Holland Claas had often experienced a kind of jealous feeling toward his cousin William, whose name held so dear a place in the childish remembrance of Pitre. As he now watched Martha, however, busying herself in company with her cousins, in preparing packages of gifts for the absent soldier, without any special timidity or excitement, he ceased to cherish any ill bodings as to a rival. Madame Pâris had never spoken of her secret wish in regard to her nephew, however much her thought might dwell upon it. But she was not surprised at Claas saying to her one morning :

"My father insists upon my speedy return home, and I know that he needs my services; but how am I to arrange my matters in good order here, aunt?"

"Are not thy journeys completed, and the cargoes ready for shipment and sailing?" inquired Madame Pâris, with malicious innocence. Claas made a quick, impatient movement.

"All my business negotiations are prosperously finished," said he; "but, Aunt Madeleine, you have not permitted me to frequent your home, and live for so many weeks among your children without divining part, at least, of my motive."

A frank smile lighted up the face of Madame Pâris.

"No, my boy; you are right," replied she. "Yet I can not tell what counsel to give thee about Martha. She is very quiet and self-repressed, like my sister, to whom she belonged. Were I in your place I would venture all in a candid confession to herself. It is the only way to draw out her true feeling."

Claas's color rose. "It is a great risk," he murmured.

Madame Pâris smiled, as she answered:

"Not at all. You may be sure that before this time she has made up her mind as to what is her wish, and her answer will not be given at random. She reminds me of my mother. I have never seen any other person who could so entirely command herself as Martha. And

she would govern gratis the whole world into the bargain," added she a little ironically.

Claas did not answer, but burying his face in his hands, he remained absorbed in his own thoughts. When, at last, he looked up, expecting to see Madeleine, he found himself alone in the apartment. The parlor would have seemed almost sad had it not been for the chattering of the green parrot in the bamboo cage, the ticking of the great clock, and the crackling of the small fire in the huge stove, which were the only replies to the hurried beating of his heart. He walked the length of the room, oblivious in his absorbed anxiety of all the surroundings, when the door slowly opened, and Martha entered the apartment. She held in her hand a piece of needle-work which she was evidently in haste to finish, as she advanced rapidly toward the sewing-table. Suddenly she perceived Claas half-hidden in the angle made by a large closet. She trembled with the nervous excitement that seized upon her at the unexpected encounter, and the blood seemed driven back with stifling power to her heart.

For several months the girl had lived in a kind of dream-like reverie, which she did not endeavor to explain. Or, if so, she merely said to herself that the coming of her stranger cousin had soothed the deep sorrow which the death of her beloved aunt had produced. She was never weary of depicting anew to herself the life of which he had told her in their long conversations. She seemed always to have known intimately each member of the household at Caen, and felt a sincere interest in all they said or did. But she never once hinted to herself, however, that each day was adding more and more to her attachment for the narrator, until she could not have told, if questioned, whether her cousin Claas or her brother Pitre were the dearer. It is not strange, therefore, that a slight embarrassment now mingled occasionally with the pleasure she experienced in her relations with the young Frenchman.

She did not ask herself why she avoided him, or why, when she caught a glimpse of him in the handsome parlor, she made a step backward as if to leave the apartment. Whatever the intention, to-day Claas intercepted her exit, and, approaching near, took her hand in his, saying:

"Come here to a seat, Martha. Fortune at last favors me, and I must speak to you, whatever the end may be."

Martha, pallid as a white lily, remained motionless in her place, stationed in the center of the drawing-room. She firmly resisted all the attempts of Claas to entice her forward to a seat. Then he leaned toward her and said gently:

"Could you not decide to go with me to France, Martha? Could you ever love me well enough to be my wife?"

She looked at him with her large, beautiful eyes, as if terrified at what these words discovered plainly to be in the heart of both, but spoke not a word. Claas repeated his question, and added:

"You have no longer any one here to keep you away from us, Martha. Once there, and you would find a mother and your brother. What more can you wish?"

Again were the downcast eyes raised to his with a gaze of deepest sadness, as she murmured:

"I can not, Claas."

A deep flush overspread the cheek of the young and ardent pleader.

"You do not love me," cried he; "you love another."

"I love no one," she said, with a faint blush. "That is to say—" and then so confused did she become in her explaining, that not a word could she speak more.

Gathering up her bewildered faculties by a strong effort of will, she commenced again in a firmer tone, "I love only you, Cousin Claas; but I can not leave Holland. I made this solemn promise to my aunt on her death-bed."

The thunder-bolt had at last fallen at the feet of the young man. He had foreseen no other obstacle to his desires than the indifference of Martha; but now he

was assured from her own lips that the girl loved him, and spite of her despairing words, the heart of Claas beat with a tumultuous joy at her truthful confession. And yet a pious vow rose up to separate them, like some dark, terrible phantom. Martha was pledged never to leave Holland for bigoted France.

For a brief moment the strong temptation rose within the soul of Claas, and the words almost formed themselves on his honest lips, "I will remain then in Rotterdam, and we will pass our lives together here," but they were checked by the recollection of his parents. As the picture of his father, wearied by excessive labor, already desponding, at the end of three short months, the term of his son's absence,—as the memory of his good, gentle mother beamed over his heart, accustomed as she was to rely on the tender love and care of her son, sustaining a burden far beyond her strength; his grandmother, with the weakness of infancy, whom he alone had learned how to amuse and soothe; the commerce of the house, now so prosperous in his hands, and which would suffer dangerous risks without his guidance, the whole honor of the establishment seeming to rest upon his own faithful discharge of duty,—as all these truths flashed with lightning force into the mind of Claas, an irresistible power seized upon him, and spite of his own despair of personal happiness, his resolve was made.

"If Martha can not leave Holland, neither can I exile myself from France, where duty and affection cry out against it."

He still hesitated to speak, and Martha still stood immovable on the same spot in the parlor where she had at first placed herself, with drooping eyelids, and nerves quivering from the stroke she had received and given back in turn. She knew, without any further speech from Claas, what to expect,—knew that he must not, could not, leave the soil of Normandy and abandon his parents and their affairs to stranger hands. The respect and devoted affection of a life-time

surely had stronger claim upon him than a new and still young love.

Martha was the first to speak. "Just before my aunt died she made me swear by the most sacred of promises never to tread the soil of France. She trembled for my faith, and demanded the vow for the sake not only of my own soul, but in memory of all that she had done for me. At her desire I renounced the dear hope of one day rejoining Pitre there. I did not know my Cousin Claas then, now I have promised."

This promise was a sacred oath in the eyes of Claas as in her own. He did not, however, for an instant admit the fears of their aunt Suzanne. This young girl's mother, had she not lived and moved as a consecrated saint in the midst of peril, persecution, and cruel afflictions? His own mother, had she not rigidly preserved all these pious records of the family?

But Martha had vowed a vow! Great drops of sweat chased each other down the face of this young man at the thought. In the extremity of his anguish he had hidden his face in his hands to conceal the tears which he felt were filling his eyes.

When he did raise his head, Martha was still close at his side. Not a tear glittered on her eyelashes, but the hand she laid upon the arm of her cousin was cold as ice.

"Our day of sacrifice has come, my Claas," she said, in a voice but slightly changed from its usual calm. "Our family have all suffered for the faith. This is our martyrdom."

Claas moaned aloud.

"I do not know that my faith is firm enough for such dire proof," murmured he.

"Yes!" replied Martha. "Since you have not tempted me to break and forget my oath, and as you have clung steadfastly to your own filial duty, there is nothing to fear. Adieu, Cousin Claas. In heaven there will no longer be two countries."

She had disappeared in pronouncing these farewell words. Claas stood alone, overwhelmed by the most bitter thoughts.

He did not repent having risked all, although he had lost all. Neither time nor ever-increasing affection would be able to remove the insurmountable barrier which had lifted itself between them. He would not curse the dead in his anger. Every teaching of his childhood and youth revolted against such disloyalty to one who had, in good conscience, performed this last act, as she had done every other through her whole life.

"It is finished!" he said to himself. "I came here to get a glimpse at, and then lose as by a breath, all my earthly happiness."

An hour later he could be found on the pier, inquiring of the mariners what ship was about to sail. He could no longer support the air of Rotterdam. He did not wish to see Martha again. His whole desire now was to fly toward those duties for which he had sacrificed every personal hope, sure of the sympathy and support of his mother at least. No word of blame from that mother would ever attach itself to Martha. The Huguenot merchants knew well the value of a given word; their conscience and their honor always attached to it the weight of a registered oath.

Martha re-entered her own chamber after the parting with Claas, and there she wept the bitterest tears her young eyes had ever shed. In presence of Claas how dry and parched these eyes had seemed! How well she had known how to sustain him by her own inflexible rectitude! But now she knelt in utter prostration by the side of her bed, her face buried in her cold hands, while every pleasant dream of her life—visions which she had heretofore scarcely comprehended—stung themselves into her heart and brain. All the happiness which had appeared hitherto as a vague shadowy gleam to her eyes, the sweet life she had fancied in the bosom of her family without pausing to inquire how it would come to pass, all this had vanished in an instant before a stern duty, and just as the realization had become possible. And Martha lay weeping over these lost illu-

sions, these dreams shattered in their beauty, and the sorrow that she had brought to the heart of Cousin Claas.

Her self-repression and excellent sense were too strong within her, and her heart too much influenced by pious sentiments, for any sullen despair which says to the soul "Happiness is no more possible for thee in this world." But she felt sad, lonely, and bereaved, when she might, at a single word, have become so rich in affection, prosperity, and bright hope. She clasped her hands tightly together and murmured a prayer. "How fondly I once believed that I could suffer martyrdom without any fearful shrinking," she said to herself, "and now I have to plead for courage, and say God grant me grace that I fail not in this day of my adversity."

The mansion of M. Pâris now presented a scene of unexpected confusion and excitement. Claas had announced his intended departure on the morrow. "My father again demands my presence," he explained to his uncle, "and I have found a ship in port which sails for Caen to-morrow at even-tide."

"But our own vessel will clear the harbor in eight days," replied the merchant, "and with us you can make the voyage in more comfort."

"It is necessary that I depart at once," protested Claas, in a curt way.

His aunt fixed an inquiring gaze on the young man's face.

"Ask Martha," he said hurriedly, and then left the apartment.

When Madeleine sought the room of her niece she found the door closed and fastened; yet Martha rose at once on hearing the slight tap, and opened it for her aunt. The girl was quite calm, but every feature bore the impress of a hard conflict. In spite of the agitation manifested by Claas, Madeleine had still cherished a faint hope for his suit, but the first glance at Martha dissolved every such dream. The latter waited for no questioning from her aunt, but plunged abruptly into the subject of their thoughts.

"I promised my Aunt Suzanne never to return to France," she said briefly.

"And Claas?" murmured Madame Pâris.

"Cousin Claas can not leave his parents," she answered, in the same curt tone.

Her aunt uttered no exclamation of surprise nor regret. She also esteemed the promise irrevocable and the duty sacred. She drew her young niece toward her, clasped her in a fond embrace, and tenderly caressed her.

Martha, unused to all outward demonstrations, gently released herself from the enfolding arms, and whispered: "Do not, Aunt Madeline, I implore, let any one know what has happened. If I could only say adieu to Claas, then I might be content never to see him again."

"He leaves to-morrow, perhaps in the early morning," answered Madame Pâris.

The lips of Martha breathed an involuntary sigh at the ominous reply. She had expended all the strength of her soul in the first trial, she must not contend further, or the powers of body and mind would utterly fail her.

And thus Claas departed from the low shores of Holland, carrying away in his heart the last sad look of Martha in the parlor of the unpretending dwelling at Rotterdam. Learning the whole narrative from his enthusiastic wife, M. Pâris said nothing more to Claas of the vessel which was to sail in eight days. Neither his daughters nor Michel the son had any suspicion of what had occurred.

"You will return my visit at some time," Claas said to his cousin; but the young Hollander made no promise. "I know not why I should thrust myself into that wasps' nest," he said to himself, "when I have had the good luck not to be born there."

The family in Caen possessed more discernment than the one at Rotterdam. The delay of Claas in his return to France, and his constant sojourn in the home of his aunt, had not only excited the suspicion of Pitre, but produced

a clear divination as to the actual state of affairs there.

No sooner had Claas domiciled himself under the homestead roof than the young Pitre drew from him the whole story of his hopes and their frustration. Pitre was furious. "Martha was a dolt to make such a promise," cried he, "and it ought to be void. She had no right to pledge herself to any thing without my consent. I stand in the place of father and mother to her, and we might have been so happy living all together here. The persecutors do not torment us so very much."

"No," said Claas; "yet we have no more churches, no pastors, no schools. Our children, if we had any," and Claas blushed like a girl, "must needs be baptized by the curé. We can not lay claim to any special occupation, nor hope for promotion. Our business plans are incessantly clogged, or frustrated by some rule, command, or new regulation of the new Catholics and the government. If we do not now suffer, as others have suffered before us, it is because the present governor-general and his officials are lenient, and these may be displaced at any time, being succeeded perhaps by a bigoted set, who will make us as wretched as any who are the citizens of Languedoc or Poitou."

Pitre made a sudden halt before his cousin, and said with angry emphasis:

"Was it to such abject slavery as this that you wished to bring my sister Martha? And did you make such representation to her when you asked her to follow you to France?"

Claas felt the warm blood mounting to his face as he replied:

"No, Cousin Pitre, I was so selfish that my only thought lay in these words, 'I love her.'"

"And I," said Pitre, "love her also; and I must see her with us. I shall write, and strive to move her from such hard resolve."

Although Claas could not deny the sanctity of Martha's vow, he had not the courage to refuse or discourage the aid

tendered by the willful Pitre. A feeble ray of hope gleamed into his heart.

"Besides, Pitre would not listen to me," he said in extenuation of himself.

The letter written by Pitre was transmitted by a swift sailing vessel, and the answer was not long delayed. Martha had indited it through many blinding tears.

"So you know all, my dear brother," said she, "and that my dear aunt on her death-bed, made me pledge myself solemnly never to go to France. Could I refuse this satisfaction to the dying friend who had done so much for me? For I can truly declare she watched over and served me like a mother. There is no need of saying more on the subject, Pitre. To change matters is simply impossible. But how can you be so cruel as to say that all the natural sentiments of affection have died out of my heart toward you? The Lord above, who knows us all, keep me from any thing so revolting! As long as I live shall I ever retain that love for my relatives which I ought to possess. If you had not a sister who loved you tenderly, yet should you have been the first to give me courage, and you are the one who exhibits the greatest irritation at my conduct. No person save yourself has laid blame upon me. . . . Even those who have suffered more than you. Believe me, when I say that I never consulted any one. It was my free act. Both my aunt and M. Lemoine, the pastor, are united in their opinion, and said that I ought not to go to France. Have you forgotten all the sad perils encountered by my dear father and dear mother in escaping from their own country to the land of strangers? Pure and undefiled religion does not destroy our natural feelings, but it says, whosoever loveth father or mother more than Christ is not worthy of him. . . . My dear brother, you well know all that I have renounced."

After reading this letter a second time, Pitre held it out to his cousin, who stood at his side, leaning over the large entry-book.

"I suppose after all this parade," said

he, with irony, "that my aunt constituted Martha her sole heiress.

Claas bent down his head without making response, and read the letter. Then he returned the little sheet to Pitre with a sigh and with moistened eyes.

"I heard it said in Rotterdam," replied he at length, "that my aunt divided her fortune in two equal parts between Martha and my Aunt Madeleine,—considering that thou hadst received thy portion in advance."

"I confess, then, that I can not understand the fooleries of women," grumbled Pitre.

Claas rose silently and left the counting-room. In doing so he asked himself, as he had often mused before, how it was possible for one with such gross instincts to be the son of the Advocate Michel and brother of Martha Basérat?

The sacrifice of Martha was entire. She continued to live in the home of her Aunt Madeleine. Her cousins were married. They had children who called Martha their aunt, and who regarded her as already an old woman.

Meanwhile the regiment of William Pâris was on its return to Holland, and he had risen to be its lieutenant-colonel. The exposure and dangers of war had made his complexion swarthy and hardened his whole frame. He was abrupt in speech, his voice of quick accent, and his whole manner somewhat imperious; but at the bottom of his heart he cherished a sweet memory of his Cousin Martha. Now that he had claimed a leave of absence, for the first time during his twenty years of campaign life, he found her already the adopted daughter of the paternal mansion, second only to his mother in the household cares, writing for his father and reading to him of an evening to preserve his eyes from any undue labor. William now assumed his own part in these various duties, without other consultation than his own will and good judgment.

"Martha," said he, one day, in the terse manner belonging to him, "will you consent to become my wife?"

Before permitting the brave soldier to retain her hand in his own, Martha related to him in few words the story of her old love. William smiled as she went on, for he had learned the secret through some unintentional remark of his impulsive mother, Madame Pâris.

"Well, Claas is married," replied he, laughing. "He has already two children, and as for myself, I only ask that you will hold yourself to the promise made to me, as well as you have that made to my Aunt Suzanne."

Martha cast down her eyes, without replying. She had as yet promised nothing, but the remembrance of past conflicts and mental struggles rose up before her in strong contrast with the present. Now she could love, she could give herself away without infringing on duty, or prov-

ing recreant to any vow. She could now remain always in Holland by the side of her aged relatives and the good hardy soldier whose absence had cost them so many tears. She knew that his happiness contributed to the joy of all those by whom she was surrounded, and she thanked God in her heart. William lingered for her answer with impatience, but without much appearance of anxiety.

"For you see I read my 'Yes' in her eyes all the time," he said to Madame Pâris, who wept with joy at the glad tidings. "When the words actually escaped from her lips, I received them as if the sentence had been a sacred vow of the Church. Martha knows well how to abide by her word!" and William did not have long to wait its fulfillment.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MDE. DEWITT.

FOUR NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

THE ROSE.

THE rose, the queen of flowers, has been well chosen as England's national flower, and has figured extensively in the history of that country.

The Greeks appropriately consecrated this lovely flower to Venus, the queen of beauty, but with them, as with the Romans, it was indicative of silence, three of their gods, Somnus, Hypnos, and Thanatos, being sometimes painted with white roses pressed to their lips. With the Romans, beautiful sprays of roses were frequently suspended at their feasts in token that what was there said must not be repeated—they attaching a peculiar sacredness to what was spoken "under the rose." In Germany, also, and the neighboring countries, this same idea of secrecy, "*sub rosa*," has prevailed to some extent. In the vicinity of a favorite hunting seat of William III of Orange, there was a little Summer-house, being part as was supposed of an Am-

sterdam burgomaster's country place. In this pavilion, it is said, beneath a stucco rose, one of the ornaments of the ceiling, William III unfolded the scheme of his intended invasion of England to the two burgomasters present, one of whom resided in the house.

Among the peasantry of certain parts of Italy there is considerable superstition in regard to the red rose, which they regard as an emblem of early death; and it is considered an evil omen to scatter its leaves on the ground.

With the poets it has always been a favorite, and probably not one of England's bards, especially, has failed to write of its beauty and fragrance. The poor forsaken maiden depicted by Burns discourses in this melancholy way of the regal flower:

"Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Politically, the rose is a very important flower, and its historical association with the bitter feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, is familiar to all.

The white rose was adopted by Edward IV of the House of York, but the red rose was taken by John of Gaunt in right of his lady, Maude of Lancaster. The roses were afterward blended by the marriage of King Henry VII to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV. Their granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth, who was exceedingly fond of displays, appeared in great splendor at the time of her coronation, the roses occupying a conspicuous position. According to the description of an old chronicle, "there appeared figures of her majesty's grandfather, Henry VII, standing in a great red rose, and of his wife, Elizabeth of York, in a sayre white one, below which was seen her present royal majestic throned in the flower, part red part white, shewing her right to ye crown from both factions."

THE THISTLE.

The thistle, which in its wild, rugged growth, is somewhat characteristic of the Scotch nature, became the chosen flower of Scotland, according to tradition, during the innovation of the lawless Danes. It seems that every stronghold but one had been taken, and that was saved to the nation by means of a thistle which pierced the foot of a Danish soldier, causing such a loud outcry on his part that the slumbering Scotch were aroused to defense and victory.

In 787 there was an order established in Scotland, called "The Most Ancient Order of the Thistle," supposed by some to be founded on the famous league formed between Achaius and Charlemagne. At that time Achaius is said to have added a border of "*Fleur-de-Lis*" to the royal arms of Scotland, taking for a device the thistle and rue, which he composed into the collar of his order with the motto, "*Pour ma defense.*"

According to another writer, the collar of the order was composed of gold thistles, suspended from which was a blue

oval, charged with the figure of Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, bearing before him his silver cross. There were only thirteen members allowed in this order, in memory of the Savior and his apostles. Their annual meeting was held in the most solemn manner on St. Andrew's day, in the church bearing his name. The appearance of the regalia of the order must have been quite showy, a doublet and trunk-hose of cloth and silver, stockings of pearl-colored silk, white leather shoes, blue and silver gaiters and shoe-strings, the breeches, and sleeves of the doublet, garnished with silver and blue ribbons, a surcoat of purple velvet lined with white taffeta, encircling which was a purple sword-belt edged with gold, and a buckle of gold, at which hung a sword, the shell in the form of the badge of the order, and the pom-mel in the form of a thistle, in a scabbard of purple velvet. This noble order of Thistle came very near dying at the death of James V, of Scotland, but James II, of England, restored its vitality.

Thistles are seldom seen in Scottish architecture, but there is an old house near Edinburgh, built with three attics, one of which is adorned with a rose, another with a lily, and the third with a thistle, part of which has fallen off, giving the flower the appearance of a crescent.

THE SHAMROCK.

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock."

This word, so full of inspiration to the Emerald Islander, comes from the Irish *seamar-ogh* (holy trefoil), and is very thoroughly interwoven with the religion, politics, and native air of Irishmen.

By some the plant is supposed to be the common clover, but the trifolium-filiforme is the kind generally worn in Cork upon high days and holidays. This species is found there in great abundance, growing in ditches and on the tops of old walls. In the south of Ireland great quantities of it are found in limestone quarries.

Not only is it a reminder to the Irish

heart of St. Patrick, but it is supposed to contain some inherent charm. Its leaves are also said to represent faith, hope, and charity. St. Patrick, who had the honor of bringing this simple little plant into notice, was supposed to have commenced his existence in the year 373. Of course there are conflicting accounts as to his native place; some asserting that he was born in the Vale of Rhos, in Pembrokeshire, others that he began his existence in Scotland. His original name was Maenwyn. His ecclesiastical name of Patricius was given him by Pope Celestine when he consecrated him a bishop, and sent him on a mission to Ireland in 433. The new bishop very willingly started on his voyage, and landed near Wicklow; but as soon as the natives got an idea of his intention, they undertook to stone him for endeavoring to force a new religion on them in place of that of their ancestors. But St. Patrick had come there with a purpose, and was not to be driven away so easily. He modestly requested to be heard, and then went to work to explain the nature of the Triune God. The people listened to him, but not seeming to comprehend the truth, the saint, with ready tact, plucked a trefoil, and held that up as a symbol of the Trinity. Then the natives being convinced of their error, were as enthusiastic in believing as they had been in rejecting the truth, and were immediately baptized. So, ever since that memorable time, Irishmen have worn the shamrock in their hats on St. Patrick's day in acknowledgment of the cross, out of compliment to their benefactor. But not only do they wear it on the saint's day; for a poet in writing of the glories of the celebrated "Donnybrook Fair, says that

"An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green."

THE LILY.

The origin of the *Fleur-de-Lis* as the national flower of France is unknown, but there are several beautiful legends in regard to it, among which is the following:

After the marriage of King Clovis and his consequent conversion, we are told that he was compelled to take up arms against a certain Roman duke who held possession of several counties lying near Cologne. The king was accompanied by Saint Remy, who, when they had arrived on the field of battle, knelt down and prayed fervently that victory might accompany the king's arms, the whole army waiting patiently during the supplication. Suddenly the king's banner, which bore the homely device of three toads, began to change its appearance, the toads vanishing, and three lilies on an azure ground appearing in place of them. So the king, more strongly confirmed in his faith by this miracle, went forward to meet his enemies, whom he found fighting against and destroying each other. Thus victory was assured him, and he afterward returned in great joy to Rheims, and was there baptized.

Another legend concerns Clotilda, the Christian wife of Clovis, to whom an angel is said to have presented a shield of wonderful beauty, its color the deep blue of the sky at midnight, on which field shone three *fleurs-de-lis* of gold.

Various reasons have been given, of course, by those who lay aside all traditional belief, for the *three* lilies on the azure field, in preference to any other number. By some it is supposed that it was intended to symbolize the Trinity, as also the flower itself with its triple petals.

According to some authors, the *lis* in the royal arms of France were a play upon the name of Louis, anciently spelt Lays. Three *lis* are borne by the house of Anjouran de la Villate, in Berri, and the privilege is said to have been granted them by Francis I. The story is that this king, having been for many hours engaged in hunting in the domains of La Villate, finally set out weary and hungry to procure rest and refreshment at the chateau, accompanied by his noisy followers. His heralds sounded their trumpets to announce his approach, while the courier hastened forward to apprise

the old chatelaine of the honor that awaited him. The king spurred his horse to the utmost in order to reach the mansion, but what was his amazement as he halted on the threshold to find that no one responded to the herald's cry of "Le roy! le roy!"

It seems that the lord of the mansion and all his household were just then engaged in celebrating mass. So entirely were they absorbed in the services that the king, as he caught sight of them, was deeply affected, and whispered softly, "Ce sont des anges errants," he himself kneeling like the rest. At the close of the service the honored host threw him-

self at the feet of his sovereign, begging forgiveness for his apparent disrespect. But Francis, delighted to find that the noblenian did not turn from his Heavenly King to welcome an earthly one, exclaimed, "Yes, you are a wandering angel, and from this day you will have the name Anjourant, and be permitted to take for your arms three *lis* on a blue ground."

An order called "Knights of the Order of the Lily" was instituted in Navarre by King Garcia VI, and their badge was a pot of lilies with a portrait of the Virgin engraved upon it.

ELMER LYNNDE.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

ON THE NILE.

SHE is lying there upon the hill-side,
And her grave is covered by the snow-wreaths;
Snow-white blossoms hang on all the laurels,
And the willows bend beneath their burden,
And the dead leaves and the earth's brown bosom
Share with her the robe of radiant whiteness.
She is calm and pale and very silent,
And her hands are folded from their labor,
And she does not hear my worn heart call her,
"Mother, wake, and keep with me thy birthday!"

I am here beside the sullen river
Whose o'er-flowing made the nations mighty,
With the desert mountains lifting round me,
And the wind-swept changing sands, revealing
Day by day grave shadows, dim and somber,
Kingly tombs that mark the desolation
Promised in the burning words of prophets.
Yet I lift mine eyes up to the palm-booughs,
Waving softly by the yellow Nile bank;
And my soul flies swiftly from the Winter,
Swiftly from my own hot desert pathway,
To another land, where we, together,
Mother of the blessed heart of patience,
Child of wayward will and wearied spirit,—
Meet as truly as we met in birthdays
Ere to thee had come the bliss of dying,—
Ere to me had come the grief to lose thee.

In that land where thou art now a dweller
 Snows nor burning suns can bar our meeting,
 And the flow of an eternal river
 And the breath of winds in banks of greenness,
 Gives me from afar a voice of greeting.
 There thou hast the palms without the desert,
 There the plains on which no blight has rested,
 There the mounts of God that hide no secrets
 As these hills that hide the tombs of monarchs,
 And the graves of nations long since buried.
 There thou hast the bliss of the beloved,
 Evermore I know the little children
 Come around thee with their old caressing.
 There the years slip by and birthdays find thee,
 With the pain-marks faded from thy forehead,
 With the eyes that watched us in our childhood
 Only growing deeper, sweeter, clearer
 With the mother-love, that brings thee nearer
 All that 's holy,—while it holds *me* dearer,
 Caring even when our weak hearts wander.

Mother, when this day was at its dawning,
 Crept I softly in the early twilight
 To thy heart, and left there all my burden;
 And I felt the angels, who must love thee,
 Could not bring a gift thy heart would prize more
 Than the love that climbs e'en to thy heaven
 From the spot, where, in her upward journey,
 Thy child's heart has lain down worn and tired.

Sweet to thee must be celestial hymning;
 But I know through all the heavenly praises
 Thou hast bent thine ear to catch *my* whispers;
 Thou hast reached thy soft hand down to bless me;
 Thou art happier in thy life of gladness
 For the mighty love thy child doth bring thee.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

ON AN EMPTY COCOON.

HERE is the sepulcher; and here
 The folded ceremonys lie;
 Turn, and behold on yonder spray,
 Expanding to the April day,
 The new-born butterfly.

E'en so in Joseph's garden yawned
 The empty tomb; so lay
 The linen clothes; so Mary turned,
 And saw Him, whom as lost she mourned,
 Bright with immortal ray!

TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE monuments of Greece and other ancient nations show that persons of the upper classes, of both sexes, wore garments of elegant form; but they give us hardly any knowledge of the colors of these garments. The truth is, however, that the dye resources of ancient nations were very meagre. They continued to be so throughout the entire period of Grecian and Roman history; they are mentioned but seldom in the sacred Scriptures; the number of known dye-stuffs being small, and chemical science in its infancy. The Egyptians and Hindoos probably knew how to impart different colors by one and the same dye-stuff, modifying the tint by chemical re-agents, very much after the fashion of our calico-printers at the present time. But the Greeks and Romans remained in ignorance of this beautiful art; it was one altogether beyond their resources. Nor did the art of dyeing make any considerable progress until after the discovery of America and the development of chemistry. Many of our most beautiful dye-tints are now produced by the combination of two agents, each colorless in itself, the results being what are now called "adjective dyes." There are comparatively few dye-stuffs which really possess the tint they ultimately impart, the distinctive quality of "substantive dye-stuffs." The dye-materials of the Greeks and Romans were all substantive. The red robe of a Grecian lady was dyed red by dipping it into a red dye, just as a modern lady dyes her silk by dipping it into a pink saucer. The highly valued Tyrian purple was also directly imparted by dipping the threads or fabric into a substantive dye.

Almost every person knows what is meant by cochineal; it is a little insect which lives on the *Cactus opuntia* in Mexico. The cochineal insect is exclusively American, and was therefore unknown to the dyers of ancient Greece and

Rome. They had, however, a substitute for it in the kermes insect—a native of Spain—very much resembling cochineal in general properties, but affording a far less brilliant dye. If Aspasia owned a scarlet robe, the color was originally imparted to it by the kermes insect. Apart from the recent aniline colors, all the most beautiful scarlets and purples known to modern dyers involve the use of cochineal; variety of hue being imparted by different chemical bodies used in combination with the dye-stuffs, and to which the expression *mordants* is given, for the reason that they are assumed "to bite" in or permanently fix the colors. Even cochineal, when used without a mordant, is a very sorry color; and the scarlet of kermes is still less beautiful when used as a substantive color; but Grecian dyers, in the time of Aspasia at least, were not aware of the use of mordants; therefore, Aspasia's scarlet robe would not have done to hang in a show-window.

The most beautiful dye-stuff of antiquity was Tyrian purple, so called from the place of its discovery and chief manufacture. I should rather have said, perhaps, place of reputed discovery, for its records are not reliable. The Greeks were by far too vain a race to admit that any great discovery did not originate with themselves. They attributed the discovery of Tyrian purple to Hercules, or rather to a little dog belonging to Hercules. As the story goes, this little dog happening to wander along the Tyrian sea-shore, came back with his mouth all purple; and the nymph Tyras, a favorite of Hercules, was so delighted with the color, that she bade him see her no more until he brought her a robe dyed purple like the color of his little dog's mouth. What would an enamored man have done when thus conjured?—how much more, then, a demi-god? Hercules promised to oblige her if he could; so, tracking the little dog's footsteps, to see where

they led, and what he would set about, he followed him to the sea-shore, where the animal began to eat shell-fish of two peculiar sorts—the *Buccinum* and *Purpura*. Hercules is reported to have thereupon collected some of these shell-fish, and extracted from a receptacle in the throat the celebrated Tyrian purple. In this way the Tyrian dye-stuff continued to be obtained by careful dyers; some, however, less conscientious than Hercules, pounded the shell-fish in a mortar, and incorporated the true dye-stuff with other animal juices.

The preceding mythological account of the discovery of Tyrian purple refers that discovery to a prehistorical age, whereas testimony favors the opinion that it was not discovered until 500 B. C. Long subsequent to the discovery of the art of purple-dying any person might wear robes of that color who could afford to pay for them: not until the era of imperial Rome was it that purple robes came to be regarded as exclusively imperial. Once adopted by the Cæsars, the policy of restricting the manufacture to a few hands followed, until the members of one family alone were licensed to impart the Tyrian dye. At length the process was so entirely forgotten that no one knew from what source the precious color had been obtained, or how it had been imparted. The exact time when this occurred is not known. A curious fact testifies that it must have been subsequent to the eleventh century. There exists, bearing that date, a document, written in Greek by the Princess Macrembolitissa, a daughter of Constantine VIII, in which is found a description of the purple-yielding shell-fish, the manner of catching it, and of extracting and employing the dye, all of which the princess describes from personal observation. However, Tyrian purple, after having been totally lost, was rediscovered in England during the reign of Charles II, and in France shortly after; each discovery being independent of the description of the Byzantine princess, her manuscript not having at that time turned

up. In the year 1683, Mr. William Cole, of Bristol, during a visit he was paying at Minehead, happened to be told by two ladies, there resident, of a person living in an Irish seaport, who made a considerable income by marking linen with a delicate purple dye. The spirit of philosophic inquiry had at this period begun to dawn; the civil wars had ceased, and the Royal Society was established. Mr. Cole was an early contributor to the *Philosophical Transactions*; and a paper on the Tyrian purple was amongst his first communications to that renowned series. Placing himself in relation with those who frequented the Irish linen-market, he soon managed to glean some important particulars about the purple dye. He believed he was at length on the eve of rediscovering the true dye of Tyre—that costly tincture for which many a Grecian lady had sighed, and for which either of the imperial Cæsars would have given more than a hundred times its weight in gold. Pursuing his investigations, he succeeded at length to the extent of exactly one-half. Pliny and Aristotle had both testified that Tyrian purple was imparted by means of certain juices taken from two different species of shell-fish; they had testified, moreover, that the tint of the fluid was not purple originally, but white; and that the much desired color only appeared after the texture imbued with the fish-juice had been exposed to the sun. The Princess Macrembolitissa had indeed given a more circumstantial account; but that lady's manuscript was not available to Mr. Cole. The only rays shed by antiquity upon his labors were from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny. He did not hope to obtain any direct information from the Irish linen-marker herself. That good lady got money by her secret; why, then, should she divulge it? Mr. Cole went systematically to work; he was a philosopher. The Irish linen-marker lived on the sea-coast; what more probable than that she should mark with the juice of a shell-fish? Mr. Cole commenced his labors on this supposition; and though

history does not disclose the fact, we are at liberty to imagine the havoc he committed on shell-fish of all denominations. He succeeded in the end, I say, to the exact extent of one-half. He discovered the purple-yielding buccinum; leaving the discovery of the purpura to Mr. Duhamel in the year 1736.

There could now be no further doubt as to the source of the ancient Tyrian purple. Not only did the buccinum and purpura both agree with the shell-fish described by Aristotle and Pliny, but the incipient shades of color mentioned by these philosophers were also noticed by Mr. Cole. The juice, when first applied, was white; thence assuming many shades of blue and green, it became purple at last, if the linen marked with it were exposed to the sun's rays—not otherwise. Here, then, we moderns have the Tyrian purple on our very shores, if not at our very doors. We have it, the real imperial dye. Why, then, do not our manufacturers use it? Because Tyrian purple would now be considered downright ugly. Yet Augustus is reported to have given no less than thirty-six pounds of English money for a pound of Tyrian dyed wool; a fact the less extraordinary when we consider that every fifty pounds of wool required no less than two hundred pounds of buccinum juice, and a similar amount of the juice of the purpura; for in order to impart the last shade of purple beauty, the juice of both kinds of shell-fish was necessary. The enormous sum of thirty-six pounds for one pound of doubly-dyed wool is to be considered as more referable to fashion than to any intrinsic beauty of the dye itself. It appears to have been the *only* purple dye the ancients possessed; it was, moreover, a substantive color; one requiring neither chemical skill nor manipulative dexterity; merely dipping into it the material intended to be dyed being sufficient.

It may seem remarkable that the Greeks and Romans,—masters of the world, as they called themselves, and in many respects deserving that appellation,—were inferior in knowledge of dye-

stuffs to many of the outer barbarians. The Chinese, from periods of the furthest historical dates, seem to have possessed a large repertory of dyes. The Hindoos were scarcely inferior in that respect; and the Egyptians contemporary with Pliny seem to have followed the practice of calico-printing, an art which involves some of the most recondite principles of dyeing. Dipping a white cloth into one liquor—necessarily of one color—they removed it, permanently tinged with a pattern of more than one color. That is the testimony of Pliny, and there can be little doubt it refers to the art of calico-printing. The Hindoos contemporary with Alexander seem to have been able to use indigo; whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans do not seem to have been able at any period to employ that substance otherwise than as a paint. The ancient Britons dyed their skins with woad, a material of the nature of indigo, though their more civilized invaders were ignorant of the art; and the Romans were unable to dye violet until they learned that art from the natives of Gaul. From Gaul, too, the Romans acquired the knowledge of soap; not that soap was used by the Gauls at any time, or by the Romans for a long period, as a detergent, but merely as a pomade for the hair. Pliny tells us that the Romans contemporaneous with him used madder as a dye-stuff; but it is by no means certain that Pliny's madder and our madder are identical. He informs us, too, that iron was used for imparting black dyes, but he furnishes no circumstantial account of the method of using it.

We have seen that the knowledge of dyeing with Tyrian purple lingered at Constantinople until the eleventh century at least; but in Italy, dyeing in all its branches had pretty well died out before the fourth century; nor do we meet with any new records of it there until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dyers know perfectly well that any one dye-stuff is not necessarily efficient for every kind of tissue. Because a dye takes well on woolen, it does not follow that the

same dye will be efficient for linen, cotton, or silk. Even Tyrian purple, which is a very easy dye to use, acts best upon wool. Linen can be dyed with it, as the Irish linen-marker discovered; but her marking would have told far better on woolen or silk material. The art of dyeing amongst the Greeks was, anterior to the time of Alexander's conquest, restricted to tissues of woolen stuff; but the philosophers who accompanied him to India brought back some of the refined processes of the Hindoos, of which an improved method of dyeing—or rather an extension of methods of dyeing—was one. Nearchus, the Grecian admiral, who co-operated with Alexander, had, as is well known, a fleet of war-vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Nearchus appears to have been fond of gay colors, and he determined that his warships should be pretty to look at. A modern admiral might have covered his rigging with emblazoned flags, but a more original thought flashed across the brain

of Nearchus. Profiting by the Asiatic knowledge he had acquired in the matter of dye-stuffs, he caused the canvas of his ships to be dyed.

Between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries we have few records of the practice of dyeing, but the dark ages were probably not so dark in the matter of dye-stuffs as some people say. To practice an art is one thing; to record the practice of it is another. All the historian seems justified in affirming as to this matter is, that no records of dyeing, as it existed during the chief part of the dark ages, are extant. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art began to revive in Italy; but not until the discovery of America had added to our tinctorial resources brilliant cochineal, and a host of dye-woods. Nor was it until the lamp of chemistry had begun to illumine the Western world that the raw materials of dyeing could be applied with full advantage.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE POEMS OF PETÖFI.

PETÖFI is the name of a Hungarian poet whose wild adventurous, patriotic life from 1823 to 1849 was only matched by his tragic death,—“trampled to death” in the rout that followed the defeat of his country's hopes. His poems are pronounced by highest authorities to be of the class which render authors immortal. Varnhagen von Ense says: “He is the noblest exemplification of Goethe's fine remark, ‘Youth is intoxication without wine.’” Uhland, but for his old age, would have learned Magyar for the sole pleasure of reading Petöfi in the original. Heine rapturously exclaimed that his “rustic song was sweeter than the nightingale's.” Bettina von Arnim proclaimed him “the most original of lyric poets in the whole world's litera-

ture.” Bowring, to whom we owe the translation of the samples we shall quote, utters his judgment of Petöfi in these lines:

“The splendid sun, awaking from the east,
And to the west descending in its fall,
From its benignant rising to its rest,
Looks down with equal light and love on all.

So genius, glory-circled at its birth,
And gliding like a lamp of heaven on high,
Bathes with celestial radiance all the earth,
Which mirrors back that radiance to the sky.

Is not the sun a mind—the mind a sun—
Whose course no arm can stay, no fetters bind?
Do not high thoughts like fiery lightnings run,
Brighten and blaze and beam from mind to mind?

So, when thy Magyar-star o'er Magyar-land,
Petöfi, rose to its supernal throne,
As from a fire-cross lifted by God's hand,
The rays shone forth, and shine as first they shone.

It was no meteor, for a meteor writes
No golden lines of glory, read from far;

But an eternal light amidst heaven's lights,
And grouped with central stars a central star."

This Magyar star has been honored by more than the usual amount of translating,—into German, French, English, (partially), Polish (thrice), Italian, Danish, etc. And with good reason, for he is not only a great, but a pure, poet. "It is noteworthy," says Bowring, "that although Petöfi passed many years of his life as a wandering vagabond, no impurity ever soiled his songs; and in his more than three thousand poetical compositions, unrestrained and passionate as many of them are, there is not a scandal-giving line, not an expression which would cause a blush to the modesty of a woman, and which might not be intrusted to the innocence of a child."

The following lines, entitled "Every Flower," are about as near as he approached the erotic vein:

"Every flower and grass-blade, every one
Claims at least one bright smile from the sun.
Love, the sunshine of the soul, that art,
Hast thou not one sunbeam for my heart?
Hast thou not one maid to love me well?
Hast thou not one maid to hear me tell
Of the coldness of the world, and bring
Light and heat in her sweet minis'ring?
Is there not a maid to say, "Come near!
Thou art weary, lay thy tired head here?"
Is there not a maid to kiss away
Blood drops from my brow, that many a day
Cruel men have stoned? Alone I stand,
Like a withered vine upon the land;
On its branches not a bird to enchant me,
Save the ravens black that ever, ever haunt me."

Equally delicate are these two verses on "Dreaming."

"Is it a dream that shows me
Yonder vision airy?
Is she a mortal maiden?
Is she a spirit fairy?

Whether maiden or fairy,
Little indeed I care,
Would she only love me,
Smiling sweetly there."

And, though not free from the deliriums and pains of the wine-bibber, our poet did not, like so many others (Les-sing, Goethe, Heine, Moore, Béranger), use his lyre to render drinking fascinating. The following playful satire is about his average way of touching upon

the matter. It is entitled "Tippling." We know the boys will enjoy it:

"Like a chafed bear, grim and growling,
Mister Dozey!
Oft you curse the mulberry pimplies
On your nosey!
But your cursings, your complainings,
Mister Dozey!
Won't uproot the mulberry pimplies
On your nosey!
Sir, the fault is yours entirely,
Mister Dozey!
If the mulberry pimplies thicken
On your nosey!
For if you will tipple, tipple,
Mister Dozey!
Mulberry pimplies can't but thicken
On your nosey!"

The following on "Drink" is in the same vein. Notice that the emphasis is in the last stanza:

"Hast thou no fair maiden? Drink!
Soon thy raptured soul will think
All fair maidens—all their charms—
Are encircled in thine arms.

Art thou penniless? Then drink!
Thy delighted soul will think
Piles of riches fill thy door;
Thou wilt be no longer poor.

Do dull cares corrode thee? Drink!
Soon thy buoyant heart shall think
Thousand sprites are come to bear
All thy sorrows elsewhere.

Maiden, money, I have none,
Mine is misery alone;
And for these three griefs of mine,
I must thank thee, dangerous wine!"

This poverty and misery of the poet's early reckless life tinged him not a little with the despair of pessimism, although he himself earnestly disavowed it:

"But of all sins, the very worst
Is stubborn pessimism
And of all crimes the most accursed
Is stupid atheism!"

His somber tendency is reflected in this little waif on "Indifference:"

"With calm indifference good and evil bear;
So saith the sage, and so the world replies;
But not too wisely, 'tis not my device;
Pleasures and pains, my comfort and my care,
Must leave their impress both of ill and good.
My soul is not a flood,
Equally moved when a sweet infant throws
O'er me a scattered rose,
As when the whirlwind brings
Down from the forest a torn trunk, and flings
It furiously upon my wanderings."

As also in this one on "Sorrow and Joy:"

"And what is sorrow? 'T is a boundless sea,
And what is joy?
A little pearl in that deep ocean's bed;
I sought it, found it, held it o'er my head;
And, to my soul's annoy,
It fell into the ocean's depth again,
And now I look and long for it in vain."

But does not hope beam beautifully out of the sadness, through these lines on "Friendship?"

"Friends came, false friends, and left me as they came;
As they came, let them go, in God's own name!
As leaves they fell from the abandoned tree,
That leafless tree my heart,—so let it be!
But though the cold winds blow those leaves away,
A future Spring will herald a bright day,
And heaven be gladdened when the earth is glad.
But when the old branches with the new leaves are clad,
Of the fallen leaves—ye false ones! be it known—
None shall grow green again, not even one."

As to how far this hope of a "future Spring" became ultimately a Christian experience in Petöfi's tempest-tossed heart we are left to conjecture. But that he was theoretically no self-deluding optimistic, indifferent "welt-kind" of the Wieland-Goethe class, we know positively from these earnest, hopeful stanzas from his poem "Istok":

"Despair is but hell's fearful cry,
Proclaiming in its madness,
That heaven is godless vacancy,
And earth a void of sadness.

And they who doubt the grace of God,
The great, the good Preceptor,
Shall feel the smitings of his rod
When they renounce his scepter.

For all, one Father have; for all
That Father cares; outpouring
The sunbeams glance, the rain-drops fall
On the heedless as the adoring.

But patience! since for all his sons
That Father spreads a table
With bounties, blisses, benisons,
And gifts incalculable.

In patience wait! as sun and star
Break through heaven's azure curtain;
So constant all his mercies are,
But still more bright and certain.

Yes, even in this world's midnight, he
Some streaks of light hath given;
And midst our dark mortality,
Hung up a star in heaven.

And from that star a ray falls down,
As radiance fell on Eden,
Bright, all the hills with light to crown;
Sweet, ocean's depths to sweeten."

These stanzas are all the more significant from the fact that, confessedly, every thing from the pen of Petöfi is a direct expression of the changing phases of his inmost life-experience. For he had in him nothing of the professional *litterateur*. He never sat down *in order* to write verses. Every page, every line, in the dozen volumes of his dramas, tales, poems, was a leaf torn right out of his ardent, turbulent, patriot life. But on no page perhaps is the intense restlessness of his country-loving zeal more faithfully reflected than in his little poem entitled "One Only Thought," which is also marvelously prophetic of the manner of death he actually did die. Here it is:

"One thought torments me sorely—'t is that I,
Pillowed on a soft bed of down may die—
Fade slowly, like a flower, and pass away,
Under the gentle pressure of decay,
Paling as pales a fading, flickering light
In the dark, lonesome solitude of night.
O God! let not my Magyar name
Be linked with such a death of shame;
No! rather let it be
A lightning-struck, uprooted tree;
A rock, which torn from mountain brow,
Comes rattling, thundering down below.
Where every fettered race tired with their chains,
Muster their ranks, and seek the battle plains;
And with red flushes the red flag unfold,
The sacred signal there inscribed in gold:
"For the world's liberty!"
And, far and wide, the summons to be free,
Fills east and west,—and to the glorious fight
Heroes press forward, battling for the right,
There will I die!
There, drowned in mine own heart's blood lie,
Poured out so willingly; th' expiring voice,
Even in its own extinction shall rejoice;
While the sword's clashing, and the trumpet's
sound,
And rifles and artillery thunder round;
Then may the trampling horse
Gallop upon my corse,
When o'er the battle-field the warriors fly.
There let me rest till glorious victory
Shall crown the right,—my bones upgathered be
At the sublime interment of the free!
When million voices shout their elegy
Under the unfurled banners waving high;
On the gigantic grave which covers all
The heroes, who for freedom fall,
And welcome death because they die for thee,
All holy! world-delivering liberty!"

Literally, then, was it that Petöfi escaped "the gentle pressure of decay," and passed away as

"A lightning-struck uprooted tree."

Being present at the Hungarian defeat and dreadful slaughter in Segesvar during the period of the revolution which surged through his country in 1849, he was never seen again.

"Trampling horse
Galloped o'er his corse;"

so that it was utterly unrecognizable. It was, therefore, probably thrown into an enormous trench which covered from

sight many other of the maimed and marred victims of that sad defeat.

As Portuguese sentiment still looks for the reappearance of the lost King Sebastian; as the German still dreams of the return from the Orient of the red-bearded Hohenstaufen; so the Magyar is tempted to believe that the patriot Petöfi is "not yet dead but somewhere sleeping."

JOHN P. LACROIX.

WHETHER IS BETTER, THE OLD OR THE NEW?

FIRST PAPER.

"I rested in a ruined meeting-house,
And phantoms of the generations gone
Came round me; reveries to arouse
Of all the phases to which flesh is born.

Soon sinking, as a dreamscape out of view,
The congregation, choir, and preacher fade;
And but remain the antiquated pew,
And empty pulpit, broken and decayed."

ADDE.

TO-DAY our spiritual food is served in dainty dishes. With feet cased in fairy sandals, we glide along tessellated aisles, where never a footfall may be heard—where every echo trembles in cadences, subdued by softest covering of tapestry and velvet. Amid this wealth of satin and brocade we sink down in so luxurious ease, that the repose appears a kind of tender consecration of itself. As we listen to the voice of the preacher, above and around us droop earthward the cunningly devised art of painter's brush and sculptor's chisel. Lovely, indeed, are the frescoed walls in their rare coloring, perfect in design, as are Gothic arches, full of grace and sublimity. The very atmosphere breathes over us an eternal Spring, unchilled by the reign of pitiless Winter, never invaded by the sultry Summer time; while the dim light, glimmering through rainbow-tinted windows, is tender and delicate—not less beautiful, indeed, in coloring than the pale wood-mosses of our solemn forest sanctuaries.

As a denomination we too are carried, by an almost imperative necessity, along

the stream of popular innovation in many Church formulas, which, as methodical dissenters, we *once*—in the olden time—felt bound to avoid.

In nothing, perhaps, has the change from the beginning of this nineteenth century to its closing years been more apparent than in its religious services.

In politics, the *expans*e for intrigue, duplicity, and ambitious aspiration is in truth far greater; yet one doubts, when perusing the earlier records of Washington's administration, and that of his immediate successors, whether malice, rancor, dishonesty, and "all uncharitableness" were not as rampant then among the few as in its mad career among the many, as found in the latter half of this nineteenth century. Fashion has a way of always repeating herself, so that the children of those days are but miniature and mimic representations, in dress, of grandmothers a hundred years ago. Science has, indeed, made rapid strides in experiment on ancient theories, until the most abstruse problems, those that to simple readers of sixty years agone belonged only to occult and unknown

speculations, are brought to us now clothed in such modest vestments that he who runneth, albeit a simple child, may read and comprehend.

Luxury unfolds us like a garment in our social life, just as it has the world through all ages. But religion, piety, godliness, while they purport to be the same as when the shepherds chanted their jubilant songs over the plains of Bethlehem, and the wise men, guided by the Orient star, presented their offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to the infant Christ: in their outward symbols and manifestations, how intrinsically different, as contrasted with the worship of eighty or a hundred years gone by!

There are veterans still engaged in a work once deemed an inspiration from the heavenly and divine, who hold in utter aversion ritualistic lore, and the ceremonies of "book and candle;" men who have always been united in condemning "high bonnets, the violin, rum, tobacco, church-bells and steeples." I have sometimes tried to fancy the effect on such old-fashioned ears, as their owner glided with the crowd to the shelter of some vestibule leading to the nave of one of the vast popular temples belonging to the Methodistic army of churches, when the stops of a massive organ were, mayhap, in full diapason, pouring forth strain after strain from some favorite libretto, as an introductory voluntary to the future initiatory prayer. However glorious the harmony, however full of sweetest melody the tremulous chords may be, however replete with artistic skill, would not the patriarch cry out with inner voice at least, *What doest thou here, Elijah?*

While we have not seldom asserted in the pages of this magazine that it is a mere croaking cynicism that is always prating about the old days being better than the new, and still insist that no grumbler has a right to reprobate present times, and seasons—no right, in fact, to the kingdom of heaven itself, we yet can not lay blame on those innocent, faithful souls, who mourn over the presence of a cantatrice in holy sanctuary as she war-

bles forth trills and tremulos and runlets at exorbitant, often fabulous cost, to the worshipers sitting outside this musical ring—the pit, as it were—who often experience a dumb amaze at anthems of praise so wondrous, and so mystical. And yet after all our blame, we doubt whether indeed this operatic travesty, even when accompanied by a full orchestra of "harp and cymbal and sacerdotum," be not an advance on those fitful, fugue snatches of hymns to which some who see the present day have listened.

Those were the days when a chorister deaconed out the first lines—which means, I suppose, lining the verses to be sung, in lieu of books, and adapting the words to the occasion, as was done, we are told, by an excellent and ancient historian, in primitive times, at a certain barn-raising in New England:

"If God to build the house deny,
The builder's work is vain;
Unless the Lord doth shingle it,
It will blow down again."

Few of a past generation are there now living who can recall so unique a performance, or who remember the odd scene depicted with such graphic zest by Peter Parley, in his inimitable autobiography, and which we venture to excerpt because its repetition can never pall. In his own humorous yet practical way, the venerable man relates the story in this wise:

"Before the age of comfortable meeting-houses in country towns, the introduction of stoves into them threatened to overturn society. An adjoining metropolis, Boston, had adopted stoves in the church, and the little town of E. set about the work of introducing the creation in their own village. So there was a stove party, and the anti-stove party. At the head of the first was Mrs. Deacon R., and at the head of the latter Mrs. Deacon P.

"The battle raged portentously, like the renowned tempest in a tea-pot. Society was lashed into a foam. The minister between the contending factions, scarcely dared say his soul was his own.

He could scarcely find a text from Genesis to Jude, that might not commit him on one side or the other! Finally the stove party triumphed, and the stoves were accordingly installed. The adverse side resolved to submit as to a dispensation of Providence.

"On the Sabbath succeeding the installation of the stoves Mrs. Deacon P., instead of staying away, did as a good Christian ought, and went to Church.

"As she moved up the broad aisle, it was remarked that she looked pale and calm as a martyr should, conscious of injury, yet trying to forgive. Nevertheless, when the minister named the text, Romans xii, 20, and spoke about heaping coals of fire on the head, she slid from her seat and gently subsided on the floor. The train of ideas suggested were in fact too much for her heated brain, and shattered nerves.

"Suddenly there was a rush to the pew, and the fainting lady was taken out. When she came to the air, she slightly revived.

"'Pray, what is the matter?' said Mrs. Deacon R., who bent over her, holding a smelling-bottle to her nose.

"'Oh, it is the heat of those awful stoves,' replied Mrs. Deacon P.

"'No, no, my dear,' said Mrs. R., 'that can not be; it's a warm day, you know, and there is no fire in them.'

"'No fire in the stoves!' exclaimed Mrs. Deacon P.

"'Not a particle!' replied the other.

"'Well, I feel better now,' continued the poor lady, and so, bidding her friends good-bye, she went home in a manner suited to the occasion."

It was then a world filled with what we transcendental moderns may perchance style old fossilations—an era when "breeches and knee-buckles, blue mixed stockings, and shoes of glittering paste, seemed as much a part of a man as his head and shoulders;" and yet there is something devoutly quaint and tender in that kind of religion which permeated all the common details of life, every duty and act in the Puritanic household—a

prayer, a cheerful hymn, and a few pious words of greeting and encouragement at every raising of a dwelling-house, or even a modest barn.

Few are there left among our present families, or Sabbath-day congregations, who can look back to so primitive a time as the foregoing; but there are scores and hundreds who can trace a far-stretching perspective in the background, to similar scenes and associations, that lie on the outskirts of those more ancient days.

They can recall the glowing, religious experience of childhood and youth, when our walk was more by faith and less by sight—when a divine influence, intended to take the place of all visible evidence of the truth, constituted full enough proof that the work was of God. These associations can never be forgotten, more than can be the small wooden church, or dingy school-house, now in decay and ruin, or quite obliterated by the merciless progress of improvement, where our first pious vows were registered, and where an impetuous Methodism made itself known and felt at times with a fair amount of noise, as well as native force, by all classes in the community.

Ah! those hard, straight-backed seats, the small desk lightened by its two tallow candles, on which the preacher laid his Bible and hymn-book, that old, old time, when a *tuning-fork* was the only instrument used for rendering the key-note to the choir, when ministerial circuits were a hundred miles and more in extent.

These ancient souvenirs are indeed replete with an intensity of emotion to those whose lives border on the twilight side of a half-century; they are vivid and ever-blooming reminiscences, cheerful, perhaps even possessing their comic side, yet with always a moaning under-tone of regret for their loss, for which no experience in the present can entirely equal or compensate. They remain as a cherished consecration within the heart for all future time; who shall dare say that they will not abide within the soul as a heavenly benediction through the cycles of eternity?

E. S. MARTIN.

GILBERT MOTTIER, MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

SOON after the Declaration of Independence by the American Colonies in the Summer of 1776, the Duke of Gloucester, brother to the King of England, happened to make a visit to Metz, a garrisoned town in France. The commandant gave a grand entertainment in his honor, and among the officers invited was a youth of nineteen, already a captain of dragoons in the regiment to which he was attached, the Marquis de la Fayette.

At the dinner the Duke mentioned the news he had just received from England in relation to the American Colonies, and among other things stated that they had announced their Declaration of Independence. As yet Europe had regarded the struggle of the Colonies as but the outbreak of a few rebellious subjects, which could be quenched with but comparatively small trouble or expense; it was scarcely dignified in her mind as an "attempt at liberty." But the young Frenchman made many inquiries, evidently to satisfy himself of the true character of the "rebellion." From what he could learn from a source even biased as it was by prejudice of the mother country he saw in the revolution a noble determination on the part of an oppressed people to throw off the yoke with which they were laden. His investigations were satisfactory; his heart throbbed warmly with the hope and purpose of assisting in such a cause.

Filled with this noble impulse, Lafayette proceeded to Paris. He was master of his own movements, and possessed the means to execute his desires, but in order to embark in the enterprise he proposed, he needed trusty friends and counselors. He confided his plans to intimate and trusted acquaintances, but their families were unwilling they should leave the "blushing vine-hills of their delightful France" to cope with the terrors of a rugged and uncertain shore. Every

one endeavored to dissuade him from what they esteemed a rash and hazardous project.

At last he met with an officer of some distinction, Baron de Kalb, who was himself enlisted in the cause of the Colonies, which, in the service of the ministry, he had already visited. Through the influence of the Baron, Lafayette obtained an introduction to Silas Deane, then in France as the agent of the infant Republic of America. The enthusiasm of the young nobleman was not lessened by the truthful picture of affairs as presented by Mr. Deane, and he immediately accepted a position in the American service, with the rank of Major-General.

He had scarcely engaged passage in a vessel about to be dispatched to the scene of action when the news reached France of the unhappy results of the campaign of 1776. The friends of the Colonies felt their hearts sink within them, and the project of sending a vessel, already laden with stores and ammunition, was abandoned. The friends who knew of Lafayette's intention now considered that it would be a comparatively easy matter to dissuade him from it. But how little they knew the spirit of the gallant and generous young soldier! Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee, who, in the meantime had become joint-commissioners with Silas Deane, refused to encourage him in going to the United States. What character can we present to-day whose answer, from a foreign shore, under like circumstances, would be as heroic as this which he gave?

"Gentlemen, my zeal for honorable fame, and my love of liberty, have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing influences with me, but now I see a chance of *usefulness* which I had not anticipated. These supplies, I know, are greatly needed by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them

to America; and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

Lafayette purchased the vessel with which to sail from France. His wife was the only one of all his relations who did not reproach him for his design. The French Government interfered, and prohibited his departure. He was pursued by order of the king, Louis XVI, and, in disguise, fled to Spain, from whence he embarked with the faithful De Kalb and eleven officers, upon a long and perilous voyage. Many an older and more experienced man had succumbed under lesser difficulties, but, fortunately for America, and for the name of Lafayette, he preserved a heart undaunted by opposition, unappalled by misfortune.

At nightfall, on the South Carolina coast, near Georgetown, Lafayette and his compatriots landed, and proceeded to the residence of Major Huger, the first at hand. This gentleman extended to them every hospitality, and by his assistance they reached Charleston, and at once proceeded by land to Philadelphia. What a vivid contrast to the scenes of one hundred years ago does that city now present! The name of Lafayette should often be recalled as the wondering representatives of all nations gather there to express their surprise and admiration at the stride our glorious Republic has taken in this lapse of time; for the youth of nineteen was soon admitted to the friendship and companionship of Washington and the choicest spirits of the Revolutionary army.

Immediately upon his arrival in Philadelphia Lafayette sent his letters to the chairman of the committee of Congress on Foreign Relations. He received for answer that, "so many foreigners were applying for office in the army, while the means of remuneration were so exhausted, it was doubtful if he could obtain a commission." He addressed a letter to the President, asking permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, stating that he wished for no remuneration; he had entered upon the expedition for the

love of liberty and the purpose of serving the cause of the oppressed; if he could further his object by fighting by the side of the humblest soldier whose heart was in his work, he should esteem it an honor. The President at once examined his letters. The young stranger lacked one month of being twenty-one years old. He had left rank, wealth, and, among other connections, a young and loving wife, in his sunny native land. Through the tears of anguish at parting, this brave young wife had bidden him God speed in his noble purpose,—the others had named him a rash and foolish adventurer. He had been pursued by the displeasure of his king, and, without a plaudit from his countrymen to encourage him, with no gala display of banners or beating drums or martial music, he embarked upon a long and tedious voyage in disguise and from the shores of a country not his own. The President was made aware of these facts by the friends of Lafayette, and without hesitation tendered him the commission of a Major-General in the army.

He did not receive a command until several months afterward, and in the mean time he had proved good his word and fought as a volunteer in the battle of Brandywine, September, 1777, where he was wounded and disabled for two months. In a year from that time his services at the battle of Monmouth elicited the thanks of Congress; this body at the same time also declared their appreciation of his exertions to conciliate the officers of the American army and those of the French fleet, after our treaty of alliance with France, which treaty brought about the war between England and France.

Lafayette was still an officer under his king, and this war essentially changed his position. It became necessary to reinstate himself in the favor of the sovereign whom he had offended by sailing from France after his prohibition. He addressed a letter to Congress, requesting permission to revisit his native land as a soldier on furlough, and to remain as

duty called him. This permission was readily granted, and for the signal services which he had rendered the American cause our minister at the court of Versailles was instructed to present him in the name of the United States a splendid sword as token of their esteem and gratitude.

His reception by the French people was cordial and gratifying; the court, after a time, threw aside its reserve, and he was appointed to a command of dragoons in the king's own regiment. His stay in France, however, was brief; March, 1780, found him again engaged in the cause of the resisting Colonies. He defended Virginia against the depredations of Cornwallis; he put to shame the deserting soldiers by appealing to their honor, and infusing into them something of his own brave spirit; he replenished the depleted treasury by personal responsibility to the merchants of Baltimore, and, aided by the hands of our country women, supplied the clothing necessary for the suffering troops.

Lafayette was the supporter and counselor of Washington when the treason of Benedict Arnold was discovered, and was present during the momentous conference with the French General Rochambeau, after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the fall of Yorktown. The services of Lafayette in the Revolutionary war terminated. He returned to his country at the age of twenty-five, intrusted with confidential powers to his own government from the Congress of a nation in whose formation he had acted an important part, and by whom he was recommended to his own sovereign in terms of unequivocal praise.

The public career of Lafayette was afterward that of a Frenchman, yet he still clung fondly to the associations and attachments he had formed in the land of his brief sojourn. In 1784 he determined to revisit the scenes of his youthful glory. He landed in New York on the 4th of August, and was received by Legislature, State, town, and village with ovations that should have satisfied the

heart of an emperor. But from these assurances of the love and gratitude of an admiring nation he was soon recalled to Paris to engage in the struggles of the French Revolution. The principles advocated by Lafayette were those imbibed in America; but while he desired the personal and religious liberty of the people, he still clung to the weak and ill-fated king. Had Louis XVI possessed more firmness the crisis at this terrible epoch might have been passed in safety, with the aid of Lafayette; but as it was, the latter was unable to turn the tide of tumult and disaster. He was forced to witness the execution of his king and the extinction of the constitutional monarchy. He was tendered offices and emoluments, from those known to the ancient monarchy to the new ones created by the disorder of the times; but he rejected them all, and, with a burdened heart, brooded over the lack of sympathy from his fellow-countrymen with his higher aims and nobler purposes.

After the execution of the king, Lafayette was no longer able to command the army he had created. He was beset by enemies, denounced as a traitor, and the Assembly ordered his arrest. He must submit to their authority or fly. He chose the latter alternative. In the territory of Liege he fell into the hands of the Austrians, who, despite the peculiar circumstances of his flight from France, treated him as a prisoner of war. Vainly endeavoring to enlist him against his own government, the Austrians delivered him to the Prussian government. He was dragged from prison to prison, and finally confined in the dungeons of the fortress of Magdeburg. He was immured in a subterraneous vault, damp, dark, and silent, and secured by quadruple doors, loaded with bars, bolts, and chains. After the first victory of the arms of Brunswick, and an exchange of prisoners was about to be made, in order that he should not be included in the cartel he was transferred to the custody of the German emperor, and placed in the dungeons of Olmutz, in Moravia.

But why this hatred and persecution toward a comparatively private citizen of France? The question has been asked repeatedly by the wondering peruser of history, but no satisfactory answer has ever been given. Upon no grounds recognized by civilized nations can the conduct of Germany be defended, or the hatred of Austria and Prussia be justified. It is probable that their hatred was the offspring of fear. They had seen what his youthful enthusiasm and brave spirit had led him to do and endure in the land across the sea, and they probably said among themselves: "That spirit will progress and show to the world still greater deeds; it must be tamed, lest it rise and put us to shame."

Upon entering the dungeons of Olmutz, Lafayette was informed that he would be cut off from all communication with the world; that he would be spoken of in the dispatches only by the number of his register; that his name would not be uttered, even by his jailor; that no intercourse would be allowed between him and his family or friends; and to prevent the self-destruction that his torture of mind and body might suggest, he was allowed no knife or fork, or the semblance of any thing that could put an end to his stricken life.

Thus condemned to a living tomb, no friendly accent falling on his ear, no ministration of love, and no tidings from home or friends, it is not surprising that his strength failed, and that his mind at times bordered upon idiocy. His physician declared repeatedly that he would die unless he was permitted to breathe the pure air. The court of Vienna became alarmed at the universal attention his imprisonment was exciting, and, at last, under guard of an armed escort, he was permitted to exercise abroad.

About this time a Hanoverian physician, who had emigrated and become a naturalized citizen of the United States, returned to Germany for the purpose of discovering Lafayette's place of confinement. Aided by an Austrian count, he obtained communication with Lafayette

through the medium of his profession. In Vienna he was joined by young Colonel Huger, at whose father's house, it will be remembered, Lafayette met with such hospitality as he landed upon the shores of South Carolina, upon his first voyage to the New World. They determined upon the release of the captive, but were discovered and taken almost in the attempt. The physician, Dr. Eric Bollman, and Colonel Huger were both chained by the neck to the floor of separate cells, and the unhappy prisoner remanded to his dungeon. His friends remained in prison six months, when, by the influence of the powerful and generous Count Metrowsky, they were released and suffered to escape the Austrian dominions.

The last information Lafayette received from his wife she was a prisoner under the Reign of Terror. What anguish must have harrowed his soul as he contemplated her possible, nay, probable fate; for Robespierre and his minions were hurrying the nobility to the guillotine as fast as the mockery of trials and convictions would permit. Unknown to him, perhaps the mother, the grandmother, and the sister of Madame de Lafayette suffered death upon the scaffold the same day. She herself was destined to a similar fate, but the fall of Robespierre saved her. Through the exertions of two prominent Americans, then in Paris, a member of the Committee of Safety allowed her son to depart for America, and thus escape the conscription she so much dreaded. He was received into the family of Washington, after whom he was named.

Relieved of this source of anxiety Madame de Lafayette, with her daughters, set out for Germany, with an American passport, under the family name,—Mottier. She obtained an audience with Francis II, the young Emperor, then but twenty-five years of age. With her children she appeared in the imperial presence. She appealed to the sovereign to have the estates of her husband, confiscated under the emigrant law, re-

stored to him, and that he be permitted to return to his native country and regain his shattered health; but the appeal was vain. She then begged permission to share his captivity. This was granted; but the privations, the pestilence, the indignities of Olmutz exhausted a frame already weakened by the sufferings she had endured. She implored a month's leave of absence to breathe the purer atmosphere of Vienna, but it was given only with the cruel proviso that she must never return. Death was more welcome than another separation from her lord; and though she lived afterward to breathe the free air of heaven by his side, she never recovered from the effects of their inhuman imprisonment.

Lafayette was still held in chains, though neither a prisoner of law nor of war. Washington addressed a letter to the emperor for his release; Wilberforce, Fox, and General Fitzpatrick interposed their eloquence in his behalf in the English House of Commons; but it remained for Napoleon Bonaparte to effect his release. He wrung from the obdurate Francis what argument, appeal, and sense of justice had failed to obtain.

Lafayette was restored to liberty, but no human agency could restore his shattered constitution. He returned to his beloved France, but to find it—how changed! His penetrating eye quickly saw the effects of the bloody commotions which had so fearfully shaken it during its revolutionary days.

Notwithstanding his obligations to Napoleon, he still maintained his adherence to the cause of constitutional liberty. He voted against making the First Consul Dictator for life, and refused the favors which were being heaped upon the ancient nobility. Napoleon only ceased to importune when convinced that Lafayette was resolute in his determination to avoid all connection with the government. The United States also still remembered him, and Mr. Jefferson profered him the governorship of the terri-

tory of Louisiana, but he was unwilling to abandon France.

Napoleon built up his empire, and it had fallen. Lafayette came out from his retirement at Lagrange, and in a meeting of the secret council, urged the abdication of the Emperor, still defending the people and advocating the cause of constitutional liberty. Louis XVIII took possession of the palace of his ancestors; but Lafayette was not to be found among the followers of the court. Instead, he accepted the invitation of both Houses of Congress to visit these shores again. He reached New York in August, 1824, and his sojourn here was marked by the renewal of the ovations which had greeted him forty years before. He gazed with gratified pride upon the institutions which he had aided to establish, and departed with every testimonial of respect that a grateful and admiring nation could bestow.

But the land toward which he turned his anxious eyes was again in commotion. To the friend of constitutional liberty fair France now turned her troubled eyes, and confided to him her most sacred interests. Not for his own brow would he accept the crown tendered him, but from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville he presented them the "citizen king," Louis Philippe and the constitution, which he fondly hoped would govern his country in the years to come.

In this Centennial year, when the names of long lines of heroes are being recalled and their deeds recounted, by that of Washington should be written in letters of gold the name of Lafayette. Not in the palaces of the titled dead, not at Pere le Chaise, was the chosen resting-place for his mortal remains; but in a little cemetery near Paris, where only the quiet voices of nature are heard among her birds and foliage, they rest beside those of the devoted wife, whose love amid the terrors of revolution and the after-calm of peace, ever was tinged with the romance and beauty of youth.

CYNTHIA M. FAIRCHILD.

OUR HOME GUARDS.

HOW could we have homes without trees, and how long could our trees stand against the armies of ravaging insects, but for the police care of the birds?

Our Home Guards are a free concert troupe. The performers help themselves to a few of the crimson and purple globules of sweet and sour, hung on the bushes and trees for them, as certainly as for featherless bipeds. The bulk of their living, to the advantage of those who claim freehold, is from the confiscated goods and chattels of the ravagers—a fair, open transaction, imitated, upon occasion, by their human brothers.

During the love-making and first house-keeping of the singers, every hour is brimming with melody, now shrill and clear, then rippling, soft, and low. A network of joyful song is wrapped about the glad earth, and tangled in with her gala robe of flowers. When home cares increase, we must admit that there is less singing; but are there not more mouths to feed, and a deal of domestic instruction to be given? And then, do not all the rest of the vocal people take their Summer vacation? Concert-halls and churches are shut, in blank dusty silence, all the sultry months; but any morning, if you are awake early enough, you may listen to a symphony worth the hearing.

This music has hygienic power, whether it comes, stirring and clear, from our door-yard trees, or muffled and faint, from a distant wood, or "drops down upon us, filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp, blue air." It has healing for tired nerves and outworn brain. If the songs of the birds were silenced, it is horrible to think how St. Vitus's dance and epilepsy and paralysis would increase. The spray of restful sound, sprinkled as prodigally as the wealth of a Summer shower, has far more to do with strong thinking, wise benevolence, and good laws, than some thoughtful people imagine. We are helped by it,

unwittingly, perhaps, but no less surely, near the heart of nature, and the nearer we are to the heart of nature, of humanity and of God, the surer will we be to work the works that are right and true.

Of late years, our Western insect plagues have not been far behind those of the Orient. It has become necessary for us to protect the birds, if we would save our gardens and orchards and fields from destruction. And this is but an indirect looking after the morals of our boys. War has been declared upon the birds. The edict has gone forth in the barbarous instinct of every boy that can throw a stone. Poor fellows! We let them begin their cruelties by teasing their little sisters. They practice upon stray dogs and cats, till they attain the grandeur of bullying small boys. They taste blood in the slaughter of rats, hen-hawks, squirrels, and other depredators; and the savage impulse seizes them whenever a bird lights within reach. How it would shock us if one of our girls should kill a bird; yet the barbarities of our boys, with stones and shot-guns, call forth only a gentle remonstrance—"You can't keep boys quite straight, you know. They must have a chance to sow their wild oats." Must? A word from Satan's vocabulary! Look ahead a few years. There he goes—your boy! swearing, swaggering, coarse, obscene! You hope he will marry and sober down. Yes, if some pure girl will pour the fullness of her sweet life into the turbid stream of his, there is a bare chance that he may be saved. How much better to have trained him to the right, when you had him under your hand! In the outset he was not unlike his sister in morals. You held her to the proprieties and decencies, while you let him run at his own will in paths of misdeed. Now, in purity of life, they are leagues apart. There are as many boys as there are girls in the infant classes of our Sunday-schools; but not half as many boys

as girls in the Bible Classes. Women outnumber men in the Church two to one. In the State-prison men outnumber women fifty to one. This sad proportion tells its own story.

A few years ago I saw the Indians of Minnesota massacre notoriety, in their stockade prison. One little savage, ten or a dozen years old, caught my attention. He was as lithe as a willow, as straight as a poplar, and as deft in throwing stones as you can imagine. He amused himself by aiming at the smaller fry, and hitting them on the ear, or the nose, or in the eye, as his fancy happened to suggest. The little wretches ran shrieking to their mothers. Of course I was sorry for them; but I had far more pity for the poor boy who was letting the demon within get the start of him in that ugly fashion. I could see that a belt full of white men's scalps, and a leap from the white man's scaffold, would be the bitter end of his sport. If we permit our boys to practice small cruelties, and to find pleasure in the little wickednesses that smack of daring, we must not be surprised if, later, they develop a taste for the circus, the horse-race, and the pugilist's ring, with their concomitants, tobacco and whisky.

A New York chief of police, who had care of a flock of newly imported English sparrows, managed wisely in protecting them from their natural enemies, the boys. He liberated his birds in the afternoon, in a district well-stocked with policemen. He meant to give the boys a chance to open their campaign against his *protégés*, so that his men might arrest them just when they would be likely to be missed from the supper-table. The plan worked well. There was a storm of parental wrath, as one indignant father after another came to hunt up his boy. The lads were held in durance, however, till morning. After a salutary rebuke for their misdemeanor, and an assurance that a similar offense would bring a similar punishment, they were dismissed. The whole affair demonstrated that the blame of the mischief lay at the door of the careless parents.

We may not understand the æsthetic or sanitary usefulness of the birds, nor the moral need of prohibiting our boys from killing them, yet there is a material side of the subject that every one can appreciate. If we allow the birds to be driven off, or destroyed, there will be no way by which we can protect our groves and orchards and crops from destruction, and save the land from famine.

The singing of the birds is only their pastime. Their main business is killing off those ravagers that threaten to devour every green thing. Harmless enough do these mischievous insects appear, as they flit about through the clouds of pink and snowy bloom. They make believe botanize a little; or, at most, help themselves to a sip of nectar, and all the time they are stinging the life of the fruit hidden in the flowers,—like the bad habits of our children, I would say, if I might throw in a moral. Ah, but our Home Guards come down upon them to good purpose! They have a keen eye for offenders. Like Syrian shepherds, they live among the dangers that surround their charge. If we consent to their death, we shall have the plagues of Egypt sweeping over the land an abomination of desolation. A painstaking English gentleman has given us mathematical proof of our danger. He says that a pair of sparrows feeding their young, destroy, on an average, three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars a week. In Maine and Auxerre, the Government, grudging the sparrows their petty police hire, ordered their destruction. The very next year the caterpillars killed even the green trees. In all France and in England, insects are making such havoc, the law has had to take hold of the matter, and decree the protection of the birds. The Germans, also, are seriously considering this subject. In Saxony, the laws against bird-nesting are severe. Our own large cities have found it necessary to import sparrows. It is simply economical to guard our native birds by law.

The insect scourge is becoming terrible.

Thousands of bushels of half-ripened fruit drop from the boughs, through sheer worminess. The chin-ch-bug takes whole wheat fields at a meal. The wire-worm lays entire farms desolate. The grasshopper is starving out the inhabitants of the Far West. It is high time for us to look to our defenses. Ralf the Rover

sunk the raft with its wave-rung warning bell, that an old abbot had anchored to Inchcape rock. Afterward, the pirate's own ship was wrecked on that reef. "Thus," says one, "if we destroy the protectors of groves and gardens, our own homes will be left unto us desolate."

JENNIE F. WILLING.

HOW AN EVIL WISH WAS PUNISHED.

AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

A TWENTY years' nap! Why, that is not a circumstance to what is passing to-day in the dreamy, luxurious seraglios of the East. There one might sleep half a dozen centuries and, waking up, find matters just as he left them when his lengthy *siesta* began. The "chances and changes" that happen to all else beneath the sun make an exception in favor of Oriental customs,—the effeminate Eastern noble dreaming away his life in these days of "progress," just as did his voluptuous forefathers of a thousand years ago. Meanwhile he thinks and cares no more for "modern improvements" than did good old Rip Van Winkle while taking his cozy little nap of a score of years.

After the lapse of tens of centuries, during which telegraphs and steamboats and railroads and ocean cables have revolutionized Western nations, and brought all the ends of the earth together to compare notes, the Oriental shakes his head incredulously, and goes on jogging and jolting on elephants' backs, at the rate of twenty miles a day, as he wonders "why the *frangs* are always in a hurry." The Bedouins, with their camels and caravans, still traverse "Araby's sandy plains" and go "down to Egypt" as in the days of old Jacob; the wily traders of to-day are just as unscrupulous and just as keen in driving a bargain as were those

who purchased the "lad Joseph," and bore him a helpless captive to the land in whose future history he was to figure so largely.

In respect to the sciences, many Oriental nations have really drifted backward, till astronomy has degenerated into astrology, and the motions of the heavenly bodies are observed only as signs and omens, with superstitious awe. Eclipses, especially, cause every-where terror and dismay, and are universally regarded as the omens of great national calamities. One of the rajahs of Trin-gano, the last who could claim the title of an independent sovereign, fell into just such a snare as did Nicias, the Athenian general, when about to leave Sicily. The rich and populous province of Trin-gano had been invaded by a Siamese army, with a shrewd and determined general at its head. But the Malays are a fierce and warlike race, and they drove back the invaders at every point, giving no quarter to the enemy, and refusing to treat on any terms. The valiant Siamese, Phya-Si-Bi-Pat, had suffered immense loss, with the flower of his army cut to pieces, while his only son, a noble young officer, lay weltering in blood at his father's feet. Utterly dispirited, the brave old general determined on the withdrawal of the miserable remnant of the large army he had so recently dis-

embarked, and was about, under cover of darkness, to take refuge in his ships, when just at this crisis a lunar eclipse occurred. The Malayan rajah, whose banner was a crescent, observing the sudden withdrawal of the moon's bright beams, interpreted the phenomenon into an indication of the desertion of his gods, and fled in dismay from the ground where he had just achieved so splendid a victory. The Siamese general saw his advantage, rallied the remains of his shattered forces, and by a brilliant onset completely retrieved the fortunes of the day, the turn of events costing the poor terrified rajah the loss of his crown and liberty, and ultimately his life, for he died in exile of grief and mortification. His bravest warriors were borne in chains to the Siamese capital, beautiful Tringano was reduced to a dependency of the Siamese crown, and so severe a wound was inflicted on the Malayan powers that the decline of their rule may be dated from this very catastrophe. All this was achieved not because the Siamese are free from the fear of eclipses, but because their shrewd commander had sufficient tact to turn their superstitious fears to account, by telling them that lunar eclipses were always omens of special calamity to their enemies, the Malays, and, *par consequence*, augured good to themselves.

Despite the rapid increase of the means and appliances of education, and the real progress *some* are making in scientific knowledge, it is very difficult for a devout Buddhist to renounce his belief in the cause and consequences of eclipses, as detailed in their sacred books. On many such occasions I have seen hundreds of men, women, and children armed with gongs, cymbals, and tom-toms, rush frantically through the streets, shouting, shrieking, yelling, and screaming in concert with their instruments, hoping thereby to frighten off the huge demon who they believe is attempting to gulp down the sun or moon. In this diabolical purpose they say he will some time or other succeed; and that he would

have done so long ago but for their frightening him off. It is for this purpose that gongs, kettle-drums, and every noise-producing instrument that can be improvised, are brought into requisition, as they rush with garments torn, hair disheveled, and countenances pale with terror, from temple to temple, sometimes entreating the monster to forbear, and again seeking to terrify him by threats and imprecations. When the eclipse has passed; the shrieks and groans are exchanged for songs and rejoicings, that for the nonce the monster has been outwitted, and the heavenly bodies saved from so ignominious a fate as being gulped down the throat of their fierce adversary.

So potent is the power of early prejudice that intelligent, strong-minded men have assured me in all gravity and sincerity that were these means of driving off the monster once omitted, he would forever obscure the light of the heavenly orbs, and leave our entire system in impenetrable gloom. The following legend, translated literally from the Bali sacred books explains the cause of this enmity, and shows how an evil wish entails wretchedness on him who utters it, not less than on the objects of his malicious designs. The priestly author, after invoking the aid of all good spirits, says:

"I will relate a story of what happened in the days when the lord god Buddha was perfecting himself in the Chetuwani temple, in the city of Survatthi, in South Behar. In those days, while the god Gaudama was still upon earth as a priest, he went out one day to ask alms for his support, according to the laws of the priesthood. As he walked slowly onward, holding the priestly fan before his sacred countenance, to shut out the smallest glimpse of any thing unclean, he came suddenly upon the encampments of three brothers, who, halting on their journeys, had severally pitched their tents on the suburbs of a great city, very near to each other, though neither knew of the proximity of his brethren. As the lord Gaudama drew near, all the

brothers were preparing to take their noonday meal, each in the style suited to his rank and wealth. Had they known of the approach of the embryo god, they would have thought only of some petition to present, and of suitable offerings to lay at his sacred feet. But fate had closed their eyes. Chan Watio, the eldest, was of noble form and comely features, with lustrous eyes that sent forth lightning glances terrible to behold, or melted into tender love, according to the impulse that chanced to be uppermost. He had exalted rank, great wealth, and all the blessings that fate could lay at the feet of her favorite; but to-day he was listless and morose. Pleasure's cup had been so often quaffed that it had ceased to charm, and despite his gorgeous surroundings, a presentiment of impending calamity cast a shadow over the handsome face. Moodily, as if determined to find cause of unhappiness somewhere, he had thrown himself on the luxurious couch spread for his use, beneath a canopy of burnished gold, from which depended curtains of satin edged with gold lace, and looped with bands of emerald. The cushions were of purple velvet embroidered in gold and precious stones; and over the tented floor were laid costly mosaics of silver and ebony; while a massive golden chandelier hung from the roof by a chain of the same precious metal. Mirrors and pictures hung around, and tempting divans invited to voluptuous repose. Couched in various attitudes about their lord were a score or two of bewitching damsels, very queens of love and beauty, whose charms and graces would have melted the heart of an anchorite. Some were fanning their lord with dainty *punkas* of gold and pearl, some toyed with his hands or bathed his vexed brow in attar of roses; and several were busy twining about the cushions where he reclined wreaths of fragrant flowers,—each striving to win some look of love or coveted caress. At the farther end of the pavilion were bands of singing and dancing girls, lovely and graceful as houris. Soft strains of amorous

music floated on the balmy air, while with pliant forms and swelling bosoms, beauteous maidens threaded the mazes of a voluptuous dance. Quickly following came a trill of martial music and the sound of many instruments, that heralded the entrance of a maiden of majestic presence. She recounted in impassioned tones the adventures of a celestial hero, who, triumphing over all the powers of evil, had rescued from her demon captor a princess of wondrous beauty. Then followed the captive's song of triumph, as she laid herself lovingly at Lord Watio's feet, after having presented a sparkling goblet of roseate nectar, and waited his response. It came only in the passionate overturning of the proffered cup, and a muttered exclamation of impatience, as the spoiled epicure sprang to his feet. At that instant the door of the pavilion softly opened, and, unannounced, the priest Gaudama entered. The stately figure was completely enveloped in the priestly robe of sacred yellow, and in dignified silence he placed his begging-dish at the feet of the noble, as he stood with folded arms to await the result. Anxious to be rid of the intruder, Lord Watio snatched a golden cup from one of his ladies, laid it in the priest's *caba*, and bowed himself before the holy man, asking that in the next state of existence his condition might correspond with the richness of the offering he had made. The promise was given, and then the priest, mindful of his vows, hastened to leave the presence of the "wine, wealth, and women" which the sacred law bade him "despise."

His next call was at the encampment of Lord Thun, the second brother in age and rank. He was young, vigorous, and happy, not so rich as his elder brother, but wiser, and tasting with greater zest the gifts of Fate. His tent had been pitched beneath the wide-spread branches of a noble banyan, the thick, umbraegeous shadow affording grateful shelter from the noonday sun. The canopy beneath which he reclined was of silver, set with clustered fruits of rubies half

hidden among leaves of emerald. The curtains were from Delhi's famous looms, rich with embroidery, and looped with bands of pearl. The floor was of sandal-wood, the lamps silver, fed with perfumed oil, and the cushions and divans were of satin, trimmed with silver lace. A sumptuous repast in vessels of silver was being served to the young lord, by a bevy of dainty damsels, when the priest entered, and laid down his *caba*, in which lay already, the costly gift of Lord Watio. Lord Thun, observing the priestly garb, prostrated himself three times; and then as Fate opened his eyes to see that the *embryo god* stood before him, he carefully selected the largest and best of the massive silver cups before him, and laid it at the priest's feet, hoping thereby to secure much merit, and perhaps to attain to deified existence. He likewise entreated, as his brother had done, that his reward in a future state might be proportioned to the value of his offering. The priest accepted the gift, gave the promise, and made his exit, passing immediately on to the next encampment. This was the stopping-place of Lord Rhattaku, the youngest of the three brothers. Fate certainly had *not favored him*. Orphaned almost in infancy, all his patrimony had been squandered by dishonest guardians, so that now, despite his heritage of princely birth, he was compelled to labor for a support. Weared with a long journey, he had stopped for rest and refreshment, and as Fate had decreed, he selected a spot very near his more fortunate brothers. Too poor to afford the luxury of a tent, his bare head would have been exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, but for the friendly shelter of a large cocoanut tree. There was a luxuriant growth of sacred banyans near by, and their thick foliage might have yielded a pleasant retreat; but degraded as he was by poverty, he durst not even touch the lordly scions of the *sacred tree*, and so contented himself with the poor man's friend, the lowly cocoanut. Beneath this, having collected a few sticks, and struck a light, he proceeded to blow

the fire into a blaze, that he might prepare his scanty food and partake thereof, before continuing his journey. But the wind blew the smoke into his eyes, the sticks were damp and would not burn, and he was weary with travel, and disheartened at his dreary fate. Poor, hungry, lonely, and desolate, he bowed his face to the earth and wept. He recalled the beautiful past—the sunny days of childhood spent with his fair young mother in the gorgeous harem of a prince—the days of singing, and mirth, and gladness, when like a bird of paradise, he had flitted from flower to flower, gathering sweets from all—and now he was poor and alone. How dreary it seemed in contrast with the days of light and love; and as he thought, his heart grew hard and angry toward his brothers, because Fate had smiled on them, and frowned only on him. With a mind full of malice and envy, he uttered the following revengeful wish: 'Hereafter, in all future states, whatever power and glory my brothers may attain, may I exceed them ten thousand times, so that I may trouble and vex them, till I am avenged.' Having thus *laid by his anger to a future state*, he again busied himself in preparing his scanty repast. His only possessions were a few common, black earthenware cooking-pots, and a satchel containing some rice and curry-stuff for his dinner. While the food was cooking, the priest came up; and expecting no gift where he saw only want and misery, he would have passed on, but that the sacred law requires a priest to pause at every dwelling, to give to all an opportunity of acquiring merit by bestowing alms. So Gaudama came to a stand near the cocoanut tree, and silently waited the result. Lord Rhattaku, lamenting that he had no worthier offering, selected the largest of his cooking-pots, and laid it humbly at the priest's feet, thinking meanwhile of the imprecatory prayer he had before uttered, and repeating it thrice over, as he bowed and worshiped before the priest. The worthless gift was accepted, and the promise

given, because a priest *dared not refuse*, but the embryo god knew the punishment that must follow such an evil wish. . . . Whole ages after these events, when Gaudama had already entered the cool shades of *Nigban*, and the three brothers had passed through many transmigrations, the fulfillment came. The princes all ascended to the lower heaven, where the eldest became the Sun; the second, the Moon; and the third, a huge, black *Tewa*, called *Rahu*; the glory of each being apportioned according to the richness of his offering to Gaudama, on that day when their wishes had been uttered. The size and strength of the *Tewa* are also in accord with his revengeful prayer. He is forty-eight thousand miles in height, his arms are thirteen thousand miles apart, as they are stretched forward, his face measures five thousand miles each way, and the space between his eyebrows five hundred. His nose is three thousand miles long, his mouth, which is fiery-red is three thousand miles wide, and his nostrils three thousand miles deep. His fingers and toes are all of equal dimensions, four thousand miles long. As his color corresponds to the black rice pot, so does the monster's malignity to the fierce hatred expressed in the imprecatory prayer. He is bold, envious, and malicious, and watches eagerly the Sun and Moon that he may destroy them. When the Moon is at her full, he covets her glorious beauty, and so hates her for it, that he can neither sit nor lie down in peace, but stands right in her path, with open mouth and murderous intent. Sometimes he seizes her between his lips, sometimes hides her under his chin, sometimes presses her maliciously in the hollow of his cheek, and then shuts her up in his hand, according to the whim of the moment. His rage and jealousy toward the Sun are still more intense, and his attempts to annihilate him

proportionately vigorous and persistent. When the heavenly orbs are thus pursued, they are terrified beyond measure, and hasten to recite distichs from the sacred *Bali*. As the sun is but twelve hundred miles in diameter, and the moon only five hundred and ninety miles, they are, when thrust suddenly into the mouth or nostrils of *Rahu*, utterly amazed and confounded, and lose themselves as if they had been cast into the depths of hell. All the celestial maidens are affrighted at the spectacle—disheveling their hair, and crying out in alarm: 'The beautiful Moon is destroyed. She was very glorious, and protected us from evil spirits. We must ever remember her beneficence, and mourn over her sad destiny. *Rahu* is very audacious thus to devour her.' Among men, astrologers announce that the phenomenon forebodes evil, and in dismay they rush wildly forth to the rescue. They prevail for a while, but the malicious *Rahu* will overcome at last. Until utterly exhausted, the *Tewa* can never relax his efforts—Fate constantly urging him on to the complete fulfillment of his wicked imprecation, because his evil wish was granted by the great teacher of religion. When the monster can hold out no longer, he releases the poor, terrified Sun or Moon, and rushing furiously into his palace, casts himself down in extreme agony and terror. If asked what has happened, he says: 'I have been playing tricks with the heavenly bodies, in consequence of which my head is nearly strained asunder, and my whole body is on fire.' Thus *Rahu* and the Sun and Moon are at perpetual enmity, because *anger laid by to a future state is as seed sown in a fruitful soil*; and an imprecation having been uttered, *its effects can never cease*, till the sin has been atoned for by suffering, and he who spoke it has gained admittance to the blessedness of *Nigban*."

FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

THE KING OF THE EGGS.

JUST off the west coast of Schleswig, at the base of the peninsula of Jutland, is an island called Sylt, which somebody has fancied resembles in its shape an old woman with a very long neck, and thin from the waist downward. The middle portion of the island is tolerably solid land, and it has a watering-place,—Westerland,—much frequented by the North Germans; but both the extremities, extending north and south, are simply wastes of sand, thrown up by the sea.

The inhabitants of Sylt are Friesians of the pure stock, though the island seems once to have been peopled by Finns, the expulsion of whom has been recorded in a certain mythical narrative. It is, however, no myth that we have to deal with now, but a series of incidents which occurred within something like the last two hundred years, and the essential truth of which there is no reason to doubt.

The northern part of Sylt is called Listland, and to the extreme north of this is a strange promontory, which may be likened to a feather planted on the crown and bobbing over the forehead. Here, some thirty years ago, stood a long, low-pitched, old-fashioned building, once the house of a local hero, Peter Hansen, more commonly known as Peter the Little, King of the Eggs. He was so called because he owned or rented all the sand-hills of Listland, together with the nests of the countless sea-fowl which there build their nests. The care of these birds was his almost sole occupation, and his revenue mainly consisted of two-thirds of their eggs, often amounting to forty-thousand or fifty thousand a year. His large family—according to some, twelve, according to others, twenty-four, in number—far from being a burden to him, was incalculably useful; since, not only did his children assist him in looking after his feathered sub-

jects and their nests, but they laid snares for hares and rabbits, and tended the flocks belonging to the other inhabitants of Listland, who regarded Peter as a person of high authority. Scarcely less important, and much more formidable, was a ferocious bull. The eccentricities of this furious animal were long tolerated, not to say encouraged, by Peter, who found him exceedingly useful as a scarecrow, warning off the marauders who landed for the purpose of stealing eggs, and regarded him with natural terror.

At last, however, the propensity of the bull to rush—as bulls generally do—at every thing red, coupled with the circumstance that red was a favorite color with the female residents of Sylt, rendered him so intolerable a nuisance, that a sentence of imprisonment for life was passed upon him, and all Listland, with Peter at their head, set out one fine day to carry the sentence into execution. After much seeking, the animal was found in a marsh, whence he was no sooner lured by the exhibition of a red cloth, than he was forcibly seized by Peter, who took him by the horns, and throwing him on his back, held him down till his limbs were bound fast by the others.

The bull was duly incarcerated; but Peter soon found to his cost, that, by his zealous performance of his duties, as a citizen, he had done considerable injury to himself. His neighbors had been freed from a nuisance, but his feathered subjects, from whom he derived his revenue, had lost a protector; and a system of egg-stealing began, such as within his memory had never been known before. No wonder that, after searching for eggs during a long Summer's day, and finding nothing but empty nests, Peter looked dismally around him, and regretted the ingratitude with which he had treated his old ally the bull. It is said by Herr C. P. Hansen, possibly

his descendant, the native historian to whom we are indebted for our facts, that Peter was particularly vexed by the circumstance that the robbers of late had committed their depredations at night-time or dusk, when it was hard to trace, much more to capture, them. For ourselves, we must confess that the circumstance does not by any means inspire us with surprise, and that his peculiar vexation at the artfulness of the marauders leads us to infer that the cautious egg-robbers belonged to the same frank, open class as those among our house-breakers who perform their vocation on a bright Summer's afternoon. However that might be, he remained standing out of doors in deep meditation till about midnight, when he was startled by the sea-fowl, who, with loud cries, flew up from their nests, convincing him that mischief was near. He therefore deemed it expedient to investigate the state of affairs, and walking round the coast, found no fewer than seventeen boats anchored a good way inland. All these, exerting his wonted powers, he pushed into the sea, and then went homeward, chuckling with the consciousness that he had performed a righteous act of vengeance. The "small hours," as we now call them, had made some progress when he reached his residence, but all the family were sitting up, in great grief, on account of the loss of one of the children, a little boy, aged four years, who had followed his father, and had not been seen since, having probably missed his way. On the same night a boat belonging to King Peter was also gone.

Nor was the damage done to Listland confined to this twofold loss. Some of our readers have, perhaps, already felt an uneasy doubt as to the wisdom of Peter's mode of vengeance, and an inclination to surmise that his mental capacity was scarcely commensurate with his bodily strength. An ordinary householder, aware that his kitchen was occupied by a formidable band of robbers would scarcely deem it judicious to double lock his street door, and fling the

key out of the window; yet his policy would, in principle, be exactly the same as that pursued by the King of the Eggs. Peter was undoubtedly a first-rate judge of wild fowl and their nests, and possibly he was the one man in the world who, to use a proverbial expression, could have taught his grandmother to suck eggs. But where a knowledge of human nature, especially the worst side of it, was required, he was clearly at fault, as we have already been induced to believe by the disgust he felt on the discovery that thieves love to work by night rather than by day.

Now for the consequence of Peter's luckless revenge. On the day after the boats had been sent adrift, outrages altogether unprecedented were committed. Embittered by their loss, the marauders were no longer content to take the eggs, but they also shot birds and roasted them, not even sparing a very tame species which was regarded as sacred by all well-disposed people. It was not till night that the island was well clear of them, some recovering their boats, and some being picked up by passing vessels, which they had hailed; and it was not till night, let us add, that Peter, brave and strong as he was, ventured to put his nose out of doors and ascertain the amount of his loss. Rumors that he was threatened with a direful retribution had reached his ears, and probably he began even to suspect that a quiet thief in the dark is, after all, preferable to a bandit "rowdy," who braves the light of the sun, especially if he has a number of comrades. He, at any rate, so far profited by his day's experience, that he never again pushed boats into the water against the will of their owners.

Diligent search was, of course, made for the missing member of the royal family; but all was in vain, and years rolled on without any tidings being received concerning him. Every Summer the depredations of the egg-stealers became more extensive, and Peter began to think that every foreign potentate was his natural enemy.

It was under these circumstances that, one Summer's day early in the last century, a rough-clad, thick-set man arrived at Hoyer, a village on the main-land of Schleswig, whence there is the shortest passage to Sylt. Scarcely had he gone down the beach with his wooden shoes in his hand, and embarked in the ferry that was about to cross, when almost immediately after him, came another man, of aristocratic appearance, who rode on horseback, and eagerly made inquiries respecting a fugitive serf, whom he had closely pursued, and whose trail he had just lost. His description of the fugitive closely corresponded to that of the man who had preceded him, and he was readily directed to the ferry-boat, and at the same time warned that he might have some difficulty in dealing with the Friesians. As he thought himself an exceedingly great person, the notion that he could find difficulty in anything annoyed the strange gentleman not a little, and the state of his temper was not improved when, on reaching the sea, he found that the ferry-boat had already sailed off, and also had occasion to notice that the vehement gestures that he made to the ferry-man were disregarded with supreme contempt. His first impulse was to gallop back to the village, and order another ferry-boat, but such an article was not to be had. At last, some one chanced to recollect that a certain cobbler was the happy owner of a boat, and this man, being ordered in the King's name to convey Baron Ditlef Rantzau to Sylt, obeyed as a matter of course, and the northern extremity of the island was reached at about nine o'clock in the evening. When he had landed, the prospect on every side was dismal enough. Sand was abundant; but of man, or of the habitation of man, or of culture, there was not the slightest trace; and so hungry did the great Rantzau become, that on discovering some sea-fowl's eggs, he was only too glad to eat a few of them raw, and put the rest into his coat-pocket. The birds themselves were not so agreeable as their pro-

duce, for they did not scruple to fly after him and peck his head, if he strayed unconsciously too near their nests; and no sooner had he drawn his sword to ward off his noisy persecutors, than he suddenly found himself assailed by a human adversary, who, clad in coarse woollen attire, and brandishing a thick cudgel, rushed upon him from behind a mound. This, we need scarcely say, was King Peter, whose domain had been, on this occasion, unintentionally invaded. The sturdy monarch did not hesitate to declare to the baron that he arrested him as a purloiner of eggs, and that he was rejoiced to catch an old offender, who, no doubt, had long pilfered with impunity.

That a Rantzau, a member of one of the most illustrious families of Denmark, when accused of such a very unlordly crime as egg-stealing, should feel irate was natural enough, but with an enormous effort, the baron kept down his temper, explained who he was, and stated that he was endeavoring to recover eighteen fugitive serfs, one of whom he was sure was to be found somewhere in Sylt. Perhaps Peter did not believe the Baron's account of himself; perhaps he did not care whether it was true or not; at all events, he not only continued to address him as before, but even searched his coat-pocket, smashing one of the eggs in the process, and thus obtaining ground for a renewed accusation. Reined in with great difficulty, the baron's temper could bear the curb no longer. He drew his sword, and would have killed his adversary on the spot, but he was disarmed by Peter's cudgel, and betook himself to the boat with all possible speed.

In authentic records Ditlef Rantzau, whose estates lay in Jutland, is described as a tyrannical man who greatly maltreated his subjects; and the eighteen serfs are said to have fled from bondage, because he had yoked them to his carts and ploughs in order to save his horses, a form of cruelty which is not peculiar to the aristocracy of Jutland. The fu-

gitive, who was never recovered, and whose name was Sören Nielson, married one of Peter's daughters, became the captain of a merchant vessel, and ended a very long life in Listland.

The combat with the aristocrat of Jutland interrupted the monotony of Peter's life; but the excitement which it caused soon subsided, and years again rolled on, apparently more slowly than ever, without any variety, save that, at the close of every twelvemonth things seemed to be looking rather worse than they were before. Some of Peter's sons were dead, the rest were out at sea, and the King of the Eggs was almost alone with his wife and daughters. Had the eggs increased likewise, there would have been some chance of compensation; but, whereas the early Summer is generally the period when sea-fowl are most productive, the continuous west winds so much retarded them in a certain year, that when the month of May was near, not a single nest or egg was to be found.

One gloomy day Peter stood alone on a sand-hill, looking on a sea lashed by a furious south-west wind, and contemplating with his mind's eye a dismal future, when he perceived a ship driven toward the shore by the raging billows. When he had not to deal with egg-stealers and aristocrats, he was the best-hearted fellow in the world; and observing the imminent danger of the vessel, he planted on a hill a long pole with a bundle of heath at the top of it as a signal to the neighboring villagers that something unusual was going on, and be-took himself to the western coast. There he saw at once that there was a possibility of saving the ship, which was very near the shore, and guiding it to a safe harbor. So he ran due north, waving his hat, to indicate to the crew the direction in which they ought to steer. His signals were apparently understood. The vessel was scarcely a hundred paces from the north-west corner of Listland, when the captain was seized by a sudden panic. In the light of the setting sun he had recognized Peter's face, and shouted

out like a maniac, "No! That is my mortal foe, the King of the Eggs. I will suffer any thing rather than fall into his hands." Almost immediately afterwards the ship struck on a reef, and was dashed to pieces.

Of the floating bodies Peter was able to bring ashore only one, that of a young sailor, apparently lifeless. Soon, however, there were signs of animation, and after a while the youth was sufficiently recovered to be led by his preserver to the royal residence, where he was put into a warm bed by the queen consort, while Peter called on his neighbor, the local magistrate, who had paid no attention to the signal. The worthy functionary had indeed been guilty of a gross neglect of duty, but far from showing contrition, he rated Peter in good round terms, ascribing the loss of the ship to his clumsy interference.

The wound inflicted on Peter's feelings by this unmerited objurgation was at once healed when he reached home. During his absence, his wife, approaching the bed occupied by the sleeping stranger with a lamp in her hand, had perceived near the region of the heart three peculiar spots, which proved him to be no other than the long-lost son. She, of course, communicated the glad tidings to her husband as soon as he made his appearance, and the answers of the sleeper, when questioned, showed that she had not been mistaken. He recollect ed that he had passed his early childhood in a sandy district; that he had once followed his father from home, and had lost his way; that he had been found by a Swedish skipper, who had come to the island for eggs, and had remained in his service ever since.

The joy of the parents was, of course, great; and we may state, in conclusion, that from the date of the youth's recovery the egg kingdom began again to prosper. Young Hansen proved to be quite as useful as the bull, from whom he differed in one important respect; namely, that he was extremely popular.—*All the Year Round.*

MEMORIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

MYRTLE COURT was the name of a pretty row of houses with one wide street between, leading inward from Myrtle Street, Boston. Since then great changes have occurred; but one small house was so endeared to my childish heart in "the days of long ago," if I were there I would seek the place. It was a one-story wooden building, in which lived a couple quite advanced in years. They were English, and answered to the name of Jones.

It was one of the greatest delights of my childhood, when I had finished the "stint" of needle-work which my dear mother was teaching me, to run across the court to "Grandma Jones." I can see the hale old lady as she moved about in the neat little space she called her kitchen, carpeted and full of bright, shining articles of every name and size. She wore a Methodist cap, and over her brown dress was folded always a white muslin handkerchief smoothly across her breast. Then the large, wide calico apron, only laid aside when she went to her sewing or reading, to use in its place one of black silk, quite as capacious. She was large in frame and proportionately fleshy. Her mild blue eyes looked out from beneath an ample, smooth brow over which the silvery hair was parted smoothly. She was very grave, always mild, and, when she smiled on me, I regarded it as a favor. That pure white face and the well-formed mouth always had a charm for me. Many hours I spent sitting by her side, and listening to stories of life in Old England.

Grandpa Jones was a contrast to his dignified companion. He was a stout-built, large man, who seldom went out of his house. He was afflicted in some way, but I do not know how. He was ever ready to talk, often laughed, and spent much of his time in making little "whirligigs" for the children around, of which I had my share. They were per-

fectly made and as well finished as those in the shops. He may have sold them, but as I was then only seven years of age, I made no inquiries. In spite of his affliction he was a very happy Methodist.

The charm of that nicely furnished room was its great, old-fashioned side-board, upon which stood a long row of books as large as a family Bible. These were lettered "Arminian Magazine." These had been brought from England; and I was permitted to lay the huge volumes on the table and sit and read in one whenever I wished. And that was nearly every day. Early Methodism was portrayed in these books in its warmest colors. The men and women of those days wrote, spoke, and preached and sung in those pages as if they were present and around me.

I was too immature for such reading, and it was too much excitement for my brain. Physiology was not well known then, for it was said "when a child is reading she is doing no harm." But good John Wesley's Diary being full of the marvelous, and of sights and sounds deemed supernatural, filled me with waking visions and nights of fear. Had Grandma Jones known this she would have denied me the book—but I never told my fears. Years after, reading these books again, I could understand them in their true meaning; yet the impressions of childhood could not be wholly effaced.

It was at Grandpa Jones's I saw the first copy of "John N. Maffit's Life," written by himself. I do not think either of them valued it as they did their old English histories; and, as it was a new, bright-looking book, they gave me a copy of it, which I kept many years.

Nowadays young people seldom seek the society of the aged. How much they lose! The rich experiences, the knowledge of human nature, the gathered lore of years, is a treat and a blessing which can not be furnished the young mind in

any way so well as by social companionship. How often have I blessed those hours of my childhood spent in my little seat at the feet of aged friends, looking up to them, as "the dearest, best, and wisest folks in the world."

One little reminiscence of a young companion has often occurred to me in these days of overdressing among "women professing godliness." A Miss Aves was one of the many who, with myself, attended the young people's meetings held by Mr. Maffitt. Both of us were singers in the Church choir in Bromfield Street, but she was a member of the Church also. She was very handsome, and a great favorite of Mr. Maffitt, who, with his family, had boarded at her father's residence in Boston.

The Discipline required plainness of dress in the members of the Methodist communion. Miss Aves had gradually slid away a little from the rule, and her attire was more in accordance with "the world," than that of her companions.

One bright Sunday morning in Spring, Miss Aves took her seat in the choir, looking as lovely as the morn itself. Her dress was white, and was bordered by

two flounces, which her own fingers had tastefully embroidered. A bonnet of white straw, with a bright blue ribbon, and—ah, for a Methodist of those days—a cluster of roses upon one side! What a gazing took place. I really thought some so occupied they would not find the right tune. Miss Aves went to class-meeting as usual. What was said I do not know, but I do know she was disciplined for "conformity to the world." She remained out of the Church a long time, and whether she ever returned I do not know. But I fear she was not at heart a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Another young lady was guilty of no actual crime, but an entire worldliness of conduct was seen in all she did. She was labored with, prayed with, and borne with, for a long time, but gave no signs of repentance, or of having been truly converted. So the Church felt it a duty to the cause of Christ to exclude her from their communion. This was done with great sorrow. How many would remain in our Churches if such were the enforcement of Discipline now?

ETHEL S. CUSTAR.

SCOTT AND HIS SONG-WORLD.

IT is morning on the sparkling fields and breezy hills of Scotland. The sons of toil are astir. The huge, ungainly horses go tramping by with conscious strength. The homes of the people are suggestive of thirst. There is a stern reality in the very air, and in the land we tread, yet are we passing through a region of romance; for it was these Highland lakes and glens that Scotland's favorite minstrel filled with the glowing creations of his song-world. Scott has left the impress of his cultivated and comprehensive genius on these lovely "lochs," with their marvelous mountain

shores, in every variety of shade, from dark green to light purple and ethereal blue, and clothed in grass and fern and heather to their very tops. These caves and dells and water-falls; these emerald isles and silver strands; these wilderness wilds and castle-crowned hills and storied battle-fields, the whole region reaching from Loch Lomond and Ben Venue, through the Trosachs, to Stirling and Edinburgh are redolent with the name and fame of the mighty magician. The city itself, historic and picturesque, has scarcely ceased to hear the echo of Sir Walter's footsteps, as staff in hand be

wended his way to his favorite haunts. The "Heart of Midlothian," the prison in the center or heart of Midlothian, has disappeared, but the site is marked by a stone heart in the pavement. The place of the pulpit wherein John Knox thundered out his anathemas against sin in high places is marked in a similar manner, with only the letters J. K. inscribed upon the square, flat stone just outside the present Church of St. Giles. Holyrood Castle still stands to tell the tragic tale of Mary, Queen of Scots, with the old roofless abbey, grand in ruins, by its side. Castle Hill, with its frowning battlements, looks down upon the city, old and new. Near the old portcullis is the room in which Argyle was sleeping soundly when the guard waked him to be led to execution at the Grassmarket. From the parapets, in some places two hundred and fifty feet high, the view extends fifty miles, embracing a region rich in associations with Scott and his matchless minstrelsy.

Melrose Abbey, so often visited by Scott, though mostly in ruins, is still a venerable pile. The floor is now the green turf, bespangled with innumerable English daisies. Here the "heart of Bruce" is said to be deposited after its posthumous wanderings,—hurled into the heat of battle with the cry, "Forth, heart of Bruce, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" At *Dryburgh Abbey* the poet himself lies buried. But at *Abbotsford* he *lived*. Here are shown his study and library, with numerous pictures and relics. The building and grounds are princely, but the situation is unworthy of them. Here the savants assembled in great numbers, making *Abbotsford*, as Lady Scott once remarked, "a hotel in every thing but pay." In the effort to lift the mortgage from the property the overburdened brain lost its elasticity. "This is idleness," said the poor paralyzed old man, fretting in his easy-chair, and demanding to be taken to his study; but the fires of genius were quenched; what he wrote that day was unworthy the author of "*Waverley*," and

was never permitted to appear in print. Truly, one who could make Scotland classic ground, and people her vales and mountain fastnesses with forms more real than living men; who could evoke before the gaze of the world such characters as "Rhoderick Dhu," and "Old Mortality," the "Lady of the Lake,"—Covenanters, cavaliers, and processions of princes,—like warriors at sound of "pibroch," or at sight of Clan Alpine's "Cross of Fire"—might well be called "The Wizard of the North."

Scott had not the pathos of Burns, but he had a purity of style, a sprightliness and versatility of fancy, a grasp and range of sentiment, which the latter, with all his geniality and tenderness, had not. Strangely sweet, yet pitiable poet was Burns, the peasant bard, now singing the midnight ride of a half-drunk, witch-haunted horseman, careering with silly shout, and rum-wrought ravings over the "Brig o' Doon," now in plaintive strains recalling his departed joys, "with heart sae weary, fu' o' care;"—subject to a witchery worse than that which hung around his wretched hero,—the witchery of unholy pleasure.

Scott ennobled gallantry, self-sacrifice and love of right; Burns, in his ballads, like Christopher North in his fascinating stories, threw a glamour around the form and features of bloated, blear-eyed Bacchus. He has presented some pleasing pictures of virtuous happiness, but, alas! vice is portrayed in an angel light,—the youth of our age can not gaze without peril to their purity. His great rival, on the other hand, shows no countenance to the sensuality and shame that, in his day lurked even in kings' palaces.

The great objection that will be more and more urged against Scott and the ideals of his song-world, with each successive age, is the glory that is given to human strife. The history of personal combats and the wars of clans and nations, invested with the bright colors of poetry, will not be read with zest and admiration by the generations of the millennium. The era that is marked by

Penn's treaty, the Geneva arbitration, and Indian peace commissions, will yet be followed by long-reaching eras of universal peace. But while a Christianized and cultured humanity shudders and sickens at scenes of strife and blood, even when surrounded with all the fascinations of song, yet the enthusiasm of action, the movements of marching men, the play of human passion, the quick succession of startling events, and the charm of scenery the most varied and picturesque, can not but enlist the interest of the race throughout all time.

What can surpass in vividness and power the scene in which the wild Sir Roderick having conducted his guest

"As far as Coiltantogé ford," according to his plighted word,—then

"Whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill.
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
And every tuft of broom gave life
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Then, when Fitz James, stunned for a moment, accepted the odds, and with the hardihood of a knight, dared one and all, the chieftain

"Waved his hand:—
Down sunk the disappearing band."

Such scenes will always live in the poetic world. "Fair Ellen," in her tiny skiff on Katrine's waves of blue, shooting from the pebbly beach and the weeping willows athwart the glassy waters, hemmed in by mountains huge and grand, may not live in literature from any peculiar merit, save that of maidenly refinement of soul and a wealth of filial affection, but her surroundings will of themselves immortalize her. Nor will the venerable Douglas, with his manly strength and lofty sense of honor, that would not let the spear be "red in kindred gore" for him, be accounted unworthy a permanent place in the ideal world.

The description of natural scenery is itself worthy of a great poet. It is no small thing to have made a single landscape noticeable or memorable. What

an interest and beauty are stamped upon the spot on which the adventurous hunter lost his "gallant gray," and blew his horn to check the hounds from vain pursuit! The spot was marked with a grandeur all its own, long ere the poet's eye looked upon it.

"Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky,
The wanderer's eye could scarcely view
The Summer heaven's delicious blue."

High on the south the giant Benvenue stood sentinel over this enchanted land;

"While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

But since the magician waved his wand over this mass of "wilderling forests," crags and knolls, bordering a lake of cerulean brightness, thousands have looked upon the scene with new delight, and have found a touch of heaven in it.

Alas, that the loveliness of nature should give a charm to those petty feuds that raged from clan to clan, and from age to age, among the Scotch Highlands! At the head of Loch Lomond, near the Falls of Inversnaid, there is a lofty position among the rocks, from which Rob Roy is said to have looked out upon his unsuspecting victims. At the foot of the same lake lies a district which was peculiarly exposed to the incursions of the mountaineers.* At the clan-battle of Glen-fruin, the Macgregors defeated the Colquhouns, causing great slaughter. Terrible was the revenge. The widows of the slain Colquhouns, sixty in number, it is said, "appeared in doleful procession before the king at Stirling, each riding upon a white palfrey, and bearing in her hand the bloody shirt of her husband displayed upon a pike." James VI was so much moved that he let loose his vengeance against the Macgregors, and through the aid of Argyle, Montrose, and the Campbells, almost wiped the clan out

*See "Lady of the Lake," Canto Second, verse xx.

of existence. "Marmion" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" refer to scenes scarcely less sanguinary and repulsive,—not with approval, yet not with the contempt and loathing which they deserve.

"The phantom knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead ;
Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
And shrieks along the battle-plain;"

as though even from the stand-point of eternity, a warrior spirit could look back with longing upon the glory of heaping a battle-field with dead! Nature is beautiful, but war is a loathsome deformity. Let it be buried out of sight and left unsung!

Scott's poems form the less pretentious part of his writings. The author acknowledged to Thomas Moore that he had never been led to find out his turn for poetry, though always fond of the old ballads, till a certain Matthew Lewis set him upon "trying his talent" in that direction. Many of his characters and scenes were suggested by the ballads which he afterward collected and edited in the form of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." But he evidently received suggestions from circumstances transpiring around him, or of which he either heard or read. Lady Swinton, as is related by Moore, told a story of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room, whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel.

A striking passage in "Ivanhoe" may have owed its origin to this little incident. The history of Scotland was full of suggestiveness to one who was both a devoted patriot and an ardent antiquarian. The historical allusions pervade both prose and verse, and, in fact, history was the foundation of Scott's voluminous writings. He had not an original mind, but his powerful imagination so combined his abundant materials as to produce what might almost be called creations. "I write," said he to Moore, "very quickly; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." His principal time for writing was from seven in the morn-

ing till late breakfast time. The number of pages he wrote each day must have been immense.

The historical romances which have been thrown into the form of lyrics, rather than prose tales, are of a more sprightly and pleasing form of composition than the Waverley series; but both may be, in great part, considered history in the form of fiction. Their appearance marked a new era in literature. Sir Walter was exceedingly anxious to conceal his personality as to the authorship of Waverley, making direct efforts to divert attention from himself; as may be seen in a remarkable autograph letter exposed to the public gaze in the British Museum. The book yielded him £3,000. The effect of a style so marked could not but be felt in the ages following. It was not a mere sensation of the time. We may well inquire if the influence of Scott's glowing and picturesque mode of putting forth his facts and fancies can not be traced in the histories of Macaulay, Prescott, and Motley, as also in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and some of the minor poems of Browning. The "Tales of a Grandfather" disclosed to view a vein that has been worked successfully by Miss Muhlbach, and the author of the Schönberg Cotta series.

"The ancient manners and customs of the aboriginal race inhabiting the Highlands of Scotland," says Scott, in his introduction to "Lady of the Lake," had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry." This sentence is a key to his manner of composition. His song-world is formed from the world we live in. From dull reality he lifts us to the airy regions of romance,

"That higher and ampler heaven
In which the nations sun themselves."

It may be doubted, however, whether the uplifting of human beings, from self and sense, and enabling them to see something beyond and above them, albeit that something be not purity or heavenly-mindedness or God, may not be outweighed by the degrading of truth and reality in the respect of mankind.

Fiction is sought rather than fact. Romance has a charm that lures many a victim into the wilds of falsehood and folly. The novel is the favorite form of a modern book. No doubt, many novels are baneful; but to discard fiction absolutely would be to discard some of the noblest productions of the human mind, and even some of most instructive portions of the inspired Word. The ideals of fiction live and teach and move the world as really as the heroes of history.

There is one feature of Scott's writings worthy of special notice,—their *supernaturalism*. Old Allan-bane,

"A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Is on the visioned future bent,"

foresees the plight of the bold Fitz James, who comes to receive a refuge in the Douglas's retreat. Bryan,

"The moody and heart-broken boy,"
hears

"The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream."

Lochiel is warned of a coming day of doom. Omens abound. The supernatural formed a prominent element in Scottish life, and so should enter into the very spirit of poetry professedly founded upon that life. But is it not a part of *all* life? The materialism of the present day would push all supernaturalism back into a superstitious past, or banish it to the realms of romance and poetry. But, in some form it ever will exist, whether Milton's startling assertion be true or not, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,"
it is true that the Great Spirit lives, and

that celestial and infernal spirits somewhere fill their spheres of being,—perhaps throng the universe. Poetry has lost something of its pristine power and beauty, because it has partially ignored the supernaturalism that breathes through the *Æneid* of Virgil, the *Iliad* of Homer, and, in its purest form, the Book of books.

The Christian can not but be conscious of a *blank* in Scott's song-world. Where is the God of nature and the religion of the Bible? The second sight of seers, the wailing of ghosts, the portents of nature,—these form a system of supernaturalism, poetic enough, but not far-reaching, nor in all respects true to nature and sound philosophy. Why could not this star-eyed prophet of nature see how

"Earth is crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God!"

Why did this sweet-voiced singer never sound the note of redemption? How is it that the minstrel's harp never caught one strain from the harps of the blessed? One might think the Christ of the Gospels had not come, and that immortality had not been brought to light. As we stand at the Dryburgh tomb, we are reminded of Young's lament over Philander's untimely end.

"Oh, had he pressed his theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
Oh, had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soared where we sink, and sung immortal man!
How had it blessed mankind!"

T. M. GRIFFITH.

THE PRESENT.

Think not of the past or future,
The present is all thou hast;
Future will soon be present;
Present will soon be the past.

Regret can never avail thee;
Longing will only be waste;

Cheerful work in the present
Will bring thy wishes with haste.
This is life's only secret;
Love and work and believe.
The worker soon ceases regretting;
The loving soon ceases to grieve.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

MANY of our literary investigators find great pleasure in tracing out the origin of the legends of Europe, and think themselves happy on the discovery of a slight clew on which to base the fabric of some strange vision that long ago took possession of the popular heart. But we think we have a practical story of a strange occurrence that at no distant period will figure perchance among the most terrible stories of our period, unless the culture of the age shall succeed erelong in reaching those who must be possessed with the demon of ignorance and superstition to give birth or credence to the idle and incredible tale. . . . At the request of the German Anthropological Society, the Prussian Government recently ordered an inspection of all the children in the schools in respect to complexion, hair, and eyes, in order that the information gained might aid them in coming to some proximate result regarding the origin of their population. It was certainly a very innocent procedure, but it soon raised a great excitement in the Catholic regions of Prussia and Poland, where all sorts of reports were soon current among the peasantry as to the vile intent of the Government regarding the children. The most absurd anxiety was soon exhibited by the parents in the fear that something dreadful was about to happen to their offspring. They either refused to send them to school, or they would suddenly hurry after them in crowds with screams and yells, and take them away, while accusing the teachers of being in collusion with the treachery. About the end of May the region around Dantzig was thrown into a state of excitement over the report that a large body of children was to be sent to Russia. In many places the parents appeared with anxious faces to inquire

of the teachers whether it was true that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent away to Russia. When this fright was over another one arose, in which the Sultan played a conspicuous part. The King of Prussia, at a game of cards with the Turkish Sultan, had lost a stake of ten thousand children, which he had promised, and the Sultan had sent a body of negroes to seize the children on their way from school and convey them to him; here also the teachers were said to be favorable to the robbery, as they had been promised five dollars for every child that they would deliver to the Turk's kidnapers. The excitement and anger became so great that the police was obliged to interfere to protect school-houses and teachers. This story ran like wild-fire throughout the country, and when one of the inspectors entered a school for his usual visit, the children escaped through doors and windows to find hiding-places in grain-fields and ditches, while fathers and mothers hurried to the scene armed with clubs and scythes. In the city of Posen there was shortly afterward a terrific alarm on the appearance of a company of negro and Arabian acrobats in a circus; these had certainly come to seize the children, and the latter were hurried away from the place. In another provincial city it was Bismarck who had lost his ten thousand innocents at the gaming table, and these were soon to cross the Russian boundary. In the Polish town of Dubuo it was rumored that the Russian Government had bartered for a great sum, to an Arabian Prince, six thousand beautiful young girls, all blondes. This report was so generally believed that the rural beauties were seized with mortal terror, and with a view of escaping the terrible fate rushed

neck over head, as the Germans express it, into unacceptable marriages to escape a worse fate. Now these are facts and not legends, and it was long before the people could be made to see their error. This sad state of things ought to be of significance to the intelligent and cultivated portion of the community, and teach them how many disagreeable lessons they may learn within the horizon of their own vision. The ignorance and superstition of the lower classes in many parts of Europe appear quite as great now as they ever were, and they are certainly good material for future legends.

THE Germans are enthusiastic lovers of the feathered tribe, and few of them are willing to live without some of these songsters as a part of their household. But within the past few years a very important change has taken place among them in this regard. They were accustomed to confine their attention wholly to native birds, and to choose those more for their song than their beauty, with a special predilection for the finch, the lark, and the nightingale. These were almost without exception taken from the forests, for it is not easy to raise them in aviaries. But of late years the number of birds in Germany has been greatly decreased, in part from the demand for the household, but largely from the fact that so many are taken in nets or otherwise for the demands of fashion. The governments have of late interfered with the catching of native birds for the purposes of traffic, and this also has made it difficult to procure them. Thus of late the bird amateurs have been mostly confined to the canaries, which are raised in the Hartz mountains, and large prices are paid for those of good notes. At the same time a new impulse in the bird line has come from another direction. Since regular steam navigation now circumvents the globe, foreign birds are brought to European markets in greater numbers, and are, withal, so cheap that persons of moderate means are able to procure them. Most foreign birds, however, sing but little, so that nobody is inclined to buy or care for them for their musical qualities, and they must therefore owe their popularity to the beauty of their plumage. As many of them vary their hues according to age and season, it is

a source of peculiar pleasure to observe this change of color, and great pains are taken to induce these birds to raise young broods, which they are quite inclined to do, in contradistinction to native birds. Many an ardent lover of the notes of native birds is thus weaned from them in watching these strangers from distant climes develop their family life before the eyes of the observer. A nest of them with all the little cares and attention of the old birds proves quite a compensation for the absence of melody, which nature has denied them. Among the favorites of this class for delicacy and beauty are the Australian parrots, which were first brought twenty years ago to England, and are now so plenty that they can be obtained for five or six dollars a pair. They are about the size of the canary, with yellow head and cheeks, and neck of deep blue. The back and wings are of yellowish green with narrow black or yellow waves, white breast; body and tail are of grassy green.

THE Swiss are just now engaged in an admirable work of reform, which they are trying to bring before the public eye in a sort of "Exposition." Dr. Meyer, of the famous and sensible old town of Berne, has some modern notions of what constitutes a natural and easy shoe, and he has tried to develop his theory by practical illustrations of his ideas, and now has in Berne what he calls an International Exposition of all kinds of covering and protection for the feet, including his own suggestions which he denominates the "rational method." The Exposition, according to all accounts, is extremely interesting, and quite calculated, from its rare peculiarity, to draw the curious as well as the sufferers in the matter of foot-gear. It is complete in the scientific as well as the technical view of the enterprise. The whole collection is arranged in six groups. There are plastic models of feet in plaster, wood, and caoutchouc; all species of feet, normal as well as abnormal, are to be seen here, to say nothing of all possible deformities or malformations. Then appears a collection of lasts, made of wood and other materials, representing all possible models, but especially those of the "rational" form. Again, there is an extensive collection of raw materials that can in any

way serve for the manufacture of shoes; leather and hides in all stages of preparation, and of every quality and weight. To these are added large assortments of shoe trimmings of all possible kinds and preparations, and all other necessary constituents for the production of shoes. Then come brushes, blacking, oils, etc., to be followed by the machines and tools that are used in the manufacture of shoes. There is also a very complete and full collection of ready-made shoes of every style, with very special reference again to the "rational" form. He then marshals up the history of shoe manufacture since the commencement of the art, with collections of shoes worn at different periods, and pictures of foot covering or protection from the whole field of history and literature. A little reflection will convince one that this must be very rich. The catalogue shows three hundred and seventy exhibitors, among which may be noticed the war departments of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, England, Italy, Sweden, and Switzerland itself, as well as the Museum of Natural History and Anatomy in Berne. The fifth group or division is the most varied, exhibiting shoes in all possible forms, and at all possible prices, from the finest ladies' shoes to the smallest ones for children; the most durable ones for soldiers, the heaviest ones for peasants, and the longest boots for fishermen and hunters; these are also presented in the most manifold styles, not again to forget the "rational" style, which visitors declare to be a great improvement on the present fashion, if not absolutely perfect. This style makes a specialty of comfort in the first place, and protection in the second; the foot is completely protected from dust and wet; the shoe is easily fastened, and is simple, durable, elegant, and convenient.

The general feeling is that the Exposition has fulfilled its promises, and that great progress has been made in the matter of rational treatment in covering the feet. Scholars, artists, and physicians, who have visited the display, combine in the assertion that the "rational style" is sensible, healthful, and handsome. We vote Dr. Meyer a

benefactor of the race, and would like to know why he did not bring his "Exposition" to add to the completeness of ours.

AND again an "Exposition," for they are all the rage, is now being held in Munich, which is intended to be a display of all that is worthy in German art, in its present state and historical development. It has been a long while in preparation, and largely discussed, and was recently opened with imposing ceremonies, and a large array of guests from far and near. It is essentially an Exposition of the works of the Fatherland, and the hall was adorned with all the German flags of the different sections of the country; and the first artistic display that greeted the visitors were the busts of Emperor William and King Louis of Bavaria, as the leading representatives of the two great sections and interests. Munich is now the acknowledged center of modern art in Germany, and the grand trysting-place of native and other artists. And the great advantage to be reaped from this collection of home works will be the lessons to be taught to thousands who as yet have but little opportunity to see such works, and no artistic taste to appreciate them. The need of the beautiful in the human breast must be awakened or created by the presence of the beautiful, and one object of this exhibition is to show to the present age how much it is behind its predecessors in certain matters of art. The desire of the German artists and art lovers is to recover the lost estate of their fathers, and this can best be effected by an exhibition in systematic order of what they have done. Some of the old German masters have never been excelled. In this direction the Munich Exposition is doing good work, and seems to have struck the proper vein. All sections of the Fatherland express the highest satisfaction in the enterprise, and accord to its originators their hearty thanks. The direction of modern art can now be more fully appreciated by comparison, and its failings and its excellencies be more accurately perceived by being placed in close juxtaposition with the labors of previous centuries.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

MRS. SWISSELM invites folks to go to Saxony, where she is traveling, and see feeble, gray-haired women, loaded with panniers enough for a donkey, bending and tottering under their burdens, or pulling loads which tax their strength to the utmost, while nice young men walk beside them, smoking and chatting to them condescendingly. So much for European peasantry; look now upon American nobility: "Washington, August, 13th. One of the meanest propositions that has recently been made is credited to a very high officer of the government, who, it is said, proposes that in reducing the force of clerks in the several departments, the salaries of all ladies now receiving \$1,200, \$1,400, \$1,600, or \$1,800 shall be reduced to \$900, in order that it shall not be necessary to discharge so many male clerks of the higher grades as will otherwise have to go. The number of ladies in the employ of the government who receive more than \$1,000 salary is small, and in almost every instance they are experts in the department of the service in which they are placed. It is not claimed that the male clerks who will receive their salaries can do the work any better or as well as it is done by the ladies. Indeed, it is proposed to keep the ladies in their present positions, but to add what is taken from their salaries to the pay of clerks who can vote and render other political service." And yet the women who live under the shadow "of the best government ever made" are continually exhorted to be thankful for the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

Advertisers of quack medicines and croakers in general are fond of telling us that it is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization that the women of our times have degenerated in health and physique until they are literally a race of invalids,—pale, nervous, feeble, and back-achy. The *Methodist*, in a recent editorial, disposes of this question in the following sensible manner: "As a matter of fact, we believe American women to be healthier to-day than they were twenty years ago. In all

our cities and villages the majority of women one meets in cars and on foot present a healthy appearance. We happened recently to compare ten women with twelve men in a street-car in the city, and we have not the smallest doubt that the women could have cleared the car of men by the use of their strong arms. . . . What a woman can not do is to raise six children in ten years, taking the entire care of them, making, mending, and washing their clothes, and cooking their food, besides taking care of her husband. We say she can not; but many a woman has accomplished the more than herculean task. We mean to say that the average woman breaks down under this task, and we do not believe that any man could take the babies and rear them, doing all that these mothers do, and live through it." The philanthropists of the age are just learning that there is truth in the old proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and on this subject of health are commencing at the right end, as witness the "Open Air Fund" of New York, by which the convalescent children of hospitals have been afforded drives and sails during the past Summer; the "novel charity" of Chicago, whose object it is to give the poorer classes, especially the babies, an opportunity to breathe fresh air. A schooner has been secured, fitted with awnings, and the deck turned into a vast baby play-ground. The children are accompanied by parents or nurses, and playthings and toys are provided on board, all free. A tug takes the schooner out on the lake past the Crib and through the harbor every hour during the day. And there is a proposition of many ladies living in the country near Philadelphia, who have agreed together to receive each at her own house, during the Summer, one or two poor children, or a mother and child for a week or fortnight, and give them plain but comfortable accommodations.

—One of the most interesting exhibits of the Centennial Exposition has been that of the kindergarten of the Northern Home, which was in training the last Winter by

Miss R. R. Burritt, of Wisconsin. This kindergarten is composed of eighteen children of the Home, between three and six years of age, and their development so far, under the method, has been most satisfactory to all interested in the initiation of a true system of education, and in raising to a healthy status little children deprived of their natural guardians. It is to be hoped that soon or late, in our female institutions, a kindergarten course of instruction will form a part of the curriculum of study, so that mothers may come to their noblest work nobly prepared for it. In the Cincinnati Wesleyan College we notice that the Preparatory Course has been extended a year, so that its first class will embrace those learning the kindergarten or primary department. With its Brussels carpet, unique tables, little chairs, and case of attractive kindergarten materials, and the adjoining parlor for the music and marching of the little ones, it would seem that the trustees have omitted nothing to secure the success of this new feature of the school.

—President Clark Seelye, of the Smith Woman's College, in Northampton, Massachusetts, has given five thousand dollars toward purchasing an art collection for that institution.

—It is said that the best paid teachers in America are among the Iroquois Indians, where the men get two hundred and twenty-five dollars and the women two hundred dollars a month.

—Two ladies contended for precedence at the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the elder go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

—Miss Rachel Hudson, of the Millersville Normal School, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has accepted an appointment from the Evangelical Association (Albrights), as a missionary to Japan.

—All the women will be in duty bound to vote for Hayes and Wheeler, because the Republican platform assures them of "respectful consideration," while the Democratic platform completely ignores them. "Respectful consideration" is n't much to brag about, but it is better than nothing.

—In St. Louis the same salaries are given to women teachers that the men receive in the same grade of tuition.

—Miss Cushman has left about five hundred thousand dollars, and it is rumored not one cent for charitable purposes.

—It is said that Miss Bennett is the richest American woman who ever chose a convent life.

—Seventeen young women have applied for admission to the University of California during the recent vacation.

—Miss Thursby is to receive three thousand dollars per annum for singing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, with carriage and other items of cost.

—A quarterly-meeting of the Maine Industrial Schools for Girls was held at Hallowell, July 5th. The school is full to overflowing, and the managers have decided to make an appeal to the public for another school building, to afford them enlarged accommodations.

—Miss Lettie Mason, M. D., who for two years has been medical missionary at Kiukiang in Central China, under the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has reached her home, Bloomington, Illinois. She returns on account of failing health.

—The death is noted, at Park Hill, Cherokee Nation, of Mrs. N. B. Hitchcock, an assistant missionary of the American Board among the Cherokees. She went out in 1820. She was near eighty-five years of age at the time of her death, and was the only white missionary among the Cherokees who had labored any length of time in connection with the Presbyterian or Congregational Mission Boards.

—Bloomington, Illinois, "furnishes in the flourishing condition of her schools a convincing proof of the efficiency of woman's work as an educator and an executive officer. For two years the schools of Bloomington have been under the management of Miss Sarah E. Raymond, and at the last meeting of the Board of Education she was re-elected to the office of Superintendent, an office in which she has been signally successful."

ART NOTES.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

BAIREUTH is a little out-of-the-way city, of less than twenty thousand people, situated in Upper Franconia, about equally distant from Dresden and Munich. About the most interesting object in this dull town is the house whose inscription informs us that "here lived and died Jean Paul Friedrich Richter." The month of August witnessed this obscure place crowded to overflowing with the most intelligent and enthusiastic lovers of music in Europe and America. It is not too much to say that the rendering of Wagner's "Nibelungenring" is among the most marked musical events of this century. Whether we consider the enormous expenditure of time and money in the preparation; the intense interest of the master and his numerous disciples in the success of the masterpiece; the test of musical theories and principles which this trial was to supply; or the brilliant and exalted character of the audience (including two emperors and numerous princes and nobles, Liszt, Gounod, and all the musical celebrities of Germany), in every aspect the recent Wagner festival marks an era in musical history. At the age of sixty-three this gifted master has made, on a most magnificent scale, a trial of the correctness of the musical theories which he has been defending for a life-time against the most persistent and often bitterest opposition. Certain is it that Wagner has hitherto done the creditable work of driving from the market and from the concert-room a mass of cheap music and cheaper dramas. Almost alone he declared war against a whole host of frivolous productions which were high in popular favor, and it could not be hoped that this work would be done without bringing upon himself the ire of all who thereby suffered in reputation or purse. In completest accord with his general theory of the opera, that the drama is the *end* of expression, and music is only the *means* of its expression, while all the accompaniments, as orchestra, scenery, stage-effects, etc., are only added aids for the more complete interpretation of the drama. Wagner seized upon the most dramatic portions of the Ger-

man legendary literature, arranged his own text, and set about its rendering with all the appliances which money and highest musical art commanded. The results of the Baireuth festival can not be foretold with certainty. Some have suggested that it will prove a sort of musical Waterloo, where the absolute triumph or rout of the contending schools will have been accomplished. This is probably a wholly erroneous view, since intellectual and artistic contests have very little analogy to those of brute force. Ideas and theories are not easily laid away in the grave. The more intelligent view seems to be this: The Wagner festival has shown the ability of the great master to arouse, in an unparalleled degree, the enthusiasm of a multitude of disciples in all nations; that his peculiar theories have a fair degree of plausibility; and that he himself has wrought out this theory with a power of originality, a force of will, and a clearness of insight, that have challenged the admiration even of his bitterest opponents. The sentiment uttered by Wagner at the dinner which succeeded the festival will probably find hearty response in many hearts of United Germany—that France and Italy have operas of their own, and Germany wished that she, too, could now have a new lyric and dramatic art. It is likewise probable that to the untrained listener, unaccustomed to vigorous intellectual exertion, and uninitiated into the mysteries of musical composition, the simpler and more manifest themes of Rossini and Verdi will be increasingly popular; while the operas of Wagner, which are founded on myths highly symbolical and which demand for their interpretation an absorbing activity of intellect, will find their most earnest defenders among those who take delight in unraveling their intricacies, in grasping their intertwining or boldly contrasted melodies, and in passing beneath their external beauties to their profounder and more esoteric meanings.

— Some important discoveries have been recently made at Athens. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: The Archaeological Society has

commenced excavations at the foot of the precipice on which the Parthenon stands, that is, below the south-west angle of the building. Between the base of the Acropolis at this point, and an outer wall of mediæval and Turkish construction, a large quantity of soil has accumulated, and in removing this, the antiquarians came upon the remains of a classic building "which there is every reason to regard as the temple of *Æsculapius*, described by Pausanias and mentioned by other authors." Many fragments of inscriptions have been found; a much mutilated head of *Æsculapius*, a female torso, and some votive tablets, with the usual symbolic or commemorative reliefs. But the great "find" consisted of an inscription of eighty lines, setting forth the treaty concluded between the Athenians and Chalcidians, when, as mentioned by Thucydides, the former under Pericles had subdued the whole of Eubœa. From the fragments of the temple which have been discovered it is clearly seen that it was of the Ionic order.

— "Our conclusion then is that the artist, in so far as he is truly such, is the repre-
senter of true being, in forms which are
addressed to the senses. His works have
an independent value, the intrinsic value of
truth. They are created for their own sake
and not for use, nor, in their truest sense,
for pleasure. They excite the deepest emotions,
but these emotions are not in themselves the true object or end of art. They
are only its necessary result and concomitant
arising from the appeal which it makes for
comprehension to what is highest, truest,
most real in ourselves. True works of art
are inspired from above and not from below,
from the most exalted true life which man
leads (whether always consciously or un-
consciously), in the realm of real spiritual
being, in alliance with the everlasting forms
of true being, in direct relation with the
Father of all spirits, and not from the lower
life and consciousness which are forced upon
us from our association with the finite, im-
perfect scenes of every-day life, and which
are therefore not of our making, and hence
not truly ours—not a part of ourselves. The
artist, the man of genius, works sponta-
neously and freely, and yet in accordance
with the perfect, simple law of the idea.

There is in his work that mysterious combination of freedom and necessity which is observable in all the highest types of moral perfection. The same element in which he lives and works, and which lives and works in him, the element which we term, in the last and highest analysis, the spirit of God, operates throughout the universe in the history of men and nations, and no less in the lower realms of organized and inorganic being, slowly and surely working out, under forms of unerring law, the purposes of the idea. This operation viewed from a narrower point of view is termed providence. Every-where there is the spontaneous working of derived force, and the inworking, the inspiration of true being. By this view we are taught, as Goethe puts it:

'To know our brothers in air, and water, and the silent wood.'

All nature is akin, and art is but the endeavor of man, that part of nature which is most near to the divine mind (which mind is the truth—but also more than the truth—of nature), to help nature to perfection, to complete the incomplete, to substitute the true and real for the partly true and imperfectly real.'—*Professor Morris in the Journal of Speculative Philosophy.*

— The casts of antiquities brought from Olympia, Greece, by the German archæologists, are now at the Berlin Royal Brass Foundery, where six copies of each piece are to be made and sent to the principal museums of Germany.

— Prof. Doudorf, the celebrated sculptor, whose great statue of Peter Cornelius is one of the ornaments of the city of Dusseldorf, has accepted a call as teacher of sculpture at the Royal Art Academy of Stuttgart.

— The "Centennial" has brought before the eyes of us Americans distinguished personages from all lands and of all professions. Among the more celebrated artists who have been thus attracted hither we notice Leon T. Escosura, one of the most famous painters of the Spanish-Roman school, who has pursued his profession in Paris with great success; and Boldini, an almost equally famous artist of the same school, who will spend some time at Philadelphia, and then in visiting some of the most attractive American scenery.

—Two of the new members recently elected to the Royal Academy of Great Britain are among the most excellent painters of the English school—George Leslie and Sir John Gilbert. The greater number of superior artists that are arising in Great Britain make membership in the Royal Academy more and more difficult of attainment. Hence, the greater average age of those who have been elected academicians during the last fifteen years. While no one now towers so far above his fellows as did Sir Joshua Reynolds, Thomas Gainsborough, Flaxman, and others, it is a very promising fact that the average plane of artistic excellence and achievement in Great Britain is higher than ever before. Sir John Gilbert probably stands at the head of the English school. Philip Hamerton says: "He is one of the very strongest men we have, if all things are considered, fertility and power of invention, abundance of knowledge well under command, comprehensive grasp of material, and mastery in the arrangement of it. Though he paints differently from Rubens, there has never been an Englishman so nearly approaching Rubens in a certain kind of prolific artistic energy."

—To the enthusiastic students of Greek art, the mediæval Venetian tower on the Acropolis at Athens has long been an offense. Its long talked-of removal has at last been accomplished by the combined means of Dr. Schliemann's purse and the Archæological Society's hands. A few objects of secondary value were discovered on its removal, but none that seem to awaken any general interest.

—The loan exhibitions in the National Academy of Design and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, are by far the finest which our citizens have ever been privileged to study in this country. It was a most happy plan of a few more thoughtful men to make these collections during this Centennial Year, and thus show to visitors from other lands what some of our richer collectors of paintings in this country have been able to accomplish. It was also a most generous act on the part of the owners to place their superior works where the public at large could enjoy their study. Visitors returning from Philadelphia via New

York have largely availed themselves of the opportunities for art study which these exhibitions have afforded; and have almost invariably found more real satisfaction in New York than in all the wild confusion of the Art Museum at the Centennial Exposition. It is gratifying to note that steps have been taken to throw open the New York collections during alternate evenings,—thus giving the hard-worked business and professional man opportunity to enjoy their benefits.

—D. Appleton & Co., New York, have recently published a work on art which promises to be unusually popular and useful. It is "Schools and Masters of Painting," by A. G. Radcliffe. To the unprofessional reader who is desirous to gain ready information concerning pictures and artists that are most talked about, this volume will be especially welcome. A brief account of the several chapters may best give the scope of the book, and be of benefit to a class of our readers. Chapter I. is devoted to pagan painting in Greece, Assyria, Pompeii, Etruria, etc. The second chapter treats of the incipient stages of Christian art as contained in the Catacombs, etc., also of symbols and to the accession of Constantine. Byzantine and Miniature Painting is the subject of the third chapter. The following chapters discuss—Early Italian Art; Traditions of Art; an intensely attractive chapter; Italian Painting in the fifteenth century; Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo; Raphael and Correggio; Painting in Venice; later Italian Painting; early German and Flemish Painting; German Painting in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; later German and Flemish Painting; Painting in Holland; Painting in Spain; Painting in France; Painting in England; Painting in the nineteenth century, a chapter which will be found specially interesting to American readers; Schools of Painting; World Pictures—this being a treatment of a dozen of the best known masterpieces of the world. The author adds an Appendix devoted to a description of some remarkable pictures in the chief art-centers of Europe. The book will be deservedly popular, and will be very useful to a class of non-professionals who have not read widely in Art History.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

METAMORPHOSES OF WORDS.—Who does not believe that the word *sweetheart* has something to do with *heart*? Yet it was originally formed like *drunk-ard*, *dull-ard*, and *nigg-ard*; and poets, not grammarians, are responsible for the mischief it may have done under its plausible disguise. By the same process *shamefast*, formed like *steadfast*, and still properly spelt by Chaucer and in the early editions of the authorized version of the Bible, has long become *shamefaced*, bringing before us the blushing roses of a lovely face. The *Vikings*, mere pirates from the *viks* or creeks of Scandinavia, have, by the same process, been raised to the dignity of kings; just as *coat cards*, the king and queen and knave, in their gorgeous gowns, were exalted into *court cards*. Although this kind of change takes place in every language, yet it is most frequent in countries where two languages come in contact with each other, and where, in the end, one is superseded by the other. *Oxford* contains in its first syllable an old Celtic word, the well-known term for water or river, which occurs as *ux* in *Uxbridge*, as *ex* in *Exmouth*, as *ax* in *Axmouth*, and in many more disguises down to the *whisk* of *whisky*, the Scotch *Usquebaugh*.* In the name of the *Ise*, and of the suburb of *Osney*, the same Celtic word has been preserved. The Saxons kept the Celtic name of the river, and they called the place where one of the Roman roads crossed the river *Ox*, *Oxford*. The name, however, was soon mistaken, and interpreted as purely Saxon; and if any one should doubt that Oxford was a kind of *Bosphorus*, and meant a ford for oxen, the ancient arms of the city were readily appealed to in order to cut short all doubts on the subject.

BRITISH DISCOVERY OF TIN.—St. Perran and St. Pirras live in the memory of the Cornish miner as the discoverers of tin; and the tinner's great holiday, the Thursday before Christmas, is still called *Picrou's day*. The legend relates that St. Piran, when still in Cornwall, employed a heavy

black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire was more intense than usual, and a stream of beautiful white metal flowed out of the fire. Great was the joy of the saint, and he communicated his discovery to St. Chiwidden. They examined the stone together, and Chiwidden, who was learned in the learning of the East, soon devised a process for producing this metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornishmen together. They told them of their treasures, and they taught them how to dig the ore from the earth, and how, by the agency of fire, to obtain the metal. Great was the joy in Cornwall, and many days of feasting followed the announcement. Mead and meadeglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumor says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby.

BOMBAST.—Those who are acquainted with Spanish literature are well aware how common a fault the fury for fine writing is with them. We give two or three instances. Throughout the whole work of Lorenzo Graciano,—“The Art of Ingeniously Thinking and Writing,”—ingenious thoughts are constantly the subject of consideration. “A man of genius,” he says, “may receive these ideas from nature; but art enables him to create them at pleasure. As he who comprehends such ideas is an *eagle*, so he who is capable of producing them must be ranked among *angels*; for it is an employment of cherubim, and an elevation of man which raises him to sublime hierarchy.” Villegas, a poet of the seventeenth century, sometimes degenerates into the most monstrous conceits and images. In one of his odes, he absurdly entreats Lyda to suffer her tresses to flow, and says that “when agitated by Zephyr, her locks would occasion a thousand deaths and subdue a thousand lives;” and then he adds, “that the sun himself would cease to give light if he did not snatch beams from her radiant brow to illumine the east!” One of Manuel Varia y Sousa's songs is composed in honor of a pair of eyes, “in whose

*See Isaac Taylor's “*World and Places*,” page 222. The Ock joins the Thames near Abingdon.

beauty," he says, "love has inscribed the poet's fate, and which are as large as his pain, and as black as his destiny," etc. In this ridiculous style he composed hundreds of sonnets. Calderon de la Barca, in his play entitled "Misfortune comes Well if it comes Alone," a waiting-maid, addressing her young mistress, who has risen in a gay humor, says: "Aurora would not have done wrong had she slumbered that morning in her snowy crystal, for that the light of her mistress's charms would suffice to draw aside the curtains from the couch of Sol."

DOUBLE NAMES OF PLACES.—When people, speaking different languages, live together in the same country, they frequently, in adopting a foreign term, add to it, by way of interpretation, the word that corresponds to it in their own language. Thus *Portsmouth* is a name half Latin and half English. *Portus* was the Roman name given to the harbor. This was adopted by the Saxons, but interpreted at the same time by a Saxon word, namely, *mouth*, which really means harbor. This interpretation was hardly intentional, but arose naturally. *Port* first became a kind of proper name and then *mouth* was added, so that "the mouth of Port," that is, of the place called *Portus* by the Romans, became at last *Portsmouth*. But this does not satisfy the early historians, and, as happens so frequently when there is any thing corrupt in language, a legend springs up almost spontaneously to remove all doubts and difficulties. Thus we read in the venerable Saxon Chronicle, under the year 501, "that Port came to Britain with his two sons, Bieda and Maegla, with two ships, and their place was called *Portsmouth*; and they slew a British man, a very noble man." Such is the growth of legends, and, in many cases, the growth of history.

CHARITY TOWARD THE DEAD.—There is a story told of a celebrated wit of the last generation, that being called on to give evidence in a will case, he was asked his opinion of the deceased testator, and replied with great gravity, *De mortuis*. He was not cross-examined. The jurymen, to whom his short answer was unintelligible, were deeply puzzled to see him dismissed so soon. A less epigrammatical, but not less decided, appli-

cation of the *nil nisi bonum* principle, occurs in a list of the Abbots of St. Albans, in a manuscript (Nero D. 7) in the British Museum. There is a picture of Abbot John of Berkhamsted, represented with a dejected expression of countenance, and wringing his hands as if in deep remorse, and this commentary: "Quia nichil memorabile fecit in vita nichil de eo ponimus in presenti pagina, sed tum lectorem monemus ut convertatur ad pietatis opera, et Omnipotenti pro ejus anima preces fundat." "For the reason that he did nothing noteworthy in his life, we say nothing about him here; but we admonish and advise the reader to turn himself to works of piety, and to pour out prayers to the Almighty for his soul."

ANCIENT POTTERY.—The history of ancient pottery might almost be defined to be the early history of history itself. Certainly, amongst the earliest of human inventions, fictile manufactures, from their first production, appear to have been elevated to the rank of historical monuments. The stamps upon the most ancient bricks of Egypt and Assyria, with the cuneiform inscriptions and other devices engraved, for the express purpose of record and memorial, upon the clay cylinders of Nimrod and Babylon, commence the great volume which the ceramic art has dedicated to the history of man. Next succeed vases and other vessels, with their painted, engraved, and embossed decorations. And then the plastic art, modeling in clay the forms of the physical world, fully develops the versatile powers of the ceramic processes, and sets forth an infinitely diversified series of graphic illustrations of history. But, besides exciting in a remarkable degree that peculiar interest which attaches itself to all historical monuments, the works of the ancient potters possess strong claims upon our attention, from their intrinsic excellence as fictile productions.

PHYSIOLOGICAL OBJECTION TO DARWINISM.—There is one objection to Darwinism, says a late writer, to which little, if any, attention has been given. For example, the nearest creatures to man in form are not the nearest in intellect. The elephant and dog and horse, which have no affinity to man, have a closer intellectual affinity than those pets of Darwinism, the gorilla and chim-

panzee. Again, man is omnivorous; the stronger races of men, from the Greeks before Troy to the English of to-day, are primarily carnivorous. But no monkeys are carnivorous. If a man is to be developed from a lower creature, he is nearer to the monkey in form, but to his faithful friend, the dog, in mind.

BORROWED THOUGHTS.—Lord Byron, whose mind was as grandly fertile, and who, it would seem, needed to borrow as little as any man, said that a certain strange stanza upon memory suggested to him this thought: “Memory—the mirror which affliction dashes to the earth, and, looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied.” It reappears poetically draped in Childe Harold:

“Even as a broken mirror which the glass,
In every fragment, multiplies and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks.”

Now it is a pity to take away the seeming spontaneity of the poetic figure from Lord Byron. But Burton, the learned author of the “Anatomy of Melancholy,” had written years before, “As Praxiteles did by his glass when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it to pieces; but for one, he saw many more as bad in a moment”—and Byron is known to have been a reader and admirer of the “Anatomy of Melancholy.”

Even Milton did not disdain the same method of enriching his works, and that too very largely, as may be seen in Warton’s edition of his shorter poems. One writer tells us, “A prevailing characteristic of Milton’s mind was that of reflecting the bright sayings of all ages of literature stored in his capacious memory.” But genial Leigh Hunt says, “He did not ‘borrow’ as gypsies borrow children, spoiling their features that they may not be recognized. Had he ‘borrowed’ your coat, he would have returned it with a new nap on it.” The celebrated line that calls *Fame*,

“The last infirmity of noble minds,”
is supposed to have its original in Tacitus.

CARPETS SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—Seventy years ago carpets were rarely seen in American families of the middle classes, as they are now rarely found in Germany. Dr. Ly-

man Beecher gives an amusing account of the biography of his first carpet at East Hampton, L. I. His wife spun a bale of cotton, and had it woven. Then she fitted it to the floor, sized it, painted it in oils, with a bright border around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the center. She took also some common wooden chairs and cut out figures of gilt paper, gluing them on and varnishing them. The general effect was very beautiful. The East Hampton people were quite startled by the novelty. One of the old deacons called at the house, but stopped at the parlor door, as if afraid to enter. “Walk in, deacon, walk in,” said the minister. “Why, I can’t ‘thou’ stepping on it,” was the answer. Then, surveying it with evident admiration, he gasped out, “D’ye think that ye can have all that and heaven too?”

MUSK AND AMBERGRIS.—Musk arrives in its natural condition in small pouches, packed in tins or caddies, and often horribly adulterated. Downright fictitious musk is also sent to this country, the emptied pouches being refilled with abominable trash concocted for purposes of fraud by the “heathen Chinee” and other childlike Orientals. A great quantity of genuine musk, however, comes from Tonquin, from Central Asia, and from the Indian Archipelago. The extraordinary permanence of this perfume is well known. A handkerchief once scented with it may be washed a dozen times and stored away for years, but when taken out the scent of the musk-deer “will cling to it still” and display the power falsely ascribed to the rose. Other instances of the endurance of musk might be given—such as the famous one of the apartments of the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, from which no quantity of scrubbing, painting, and fumigating could remove the subtle penetrating odor. Ambergris, of which sundry tins are for sale, is another curious animal product, a secretion of the sperm whale, still known as a perfume, and sold at a large price, but much fallen from its mediæval celebrity as condiment. We do not care much now for dishes “drenched with ambergris”—truffles being good enough for the gourmands of these degenerate days.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

ENGLAND.—At the late session of the British Wesleyan Conference in Nottingham, a letter was read from Canon Morse, of St. Mary's⁸ Parish, cordially inviting the Conference to attend a service in his Church. On the following evening the Canon presided at a public meeting held in aid of the Wesleyan "Children's Home;" and on what is known as "Conference Sunday," a special service was held in St. Mary's Parish Church, by the same worthy clergyman, at which upwards of two hundred Methodist ministers were present. The Canon preached a sermon from Galatians iii, 28: "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." In the course of his remarks he said that in proportion as we drew more nearly to the Savior, so surely would we draw nearer one to another. There might be varieties of education and of Church organization, but in Christ we were all one. This pleasant instance of fraternization is in happy contrast to the narrow-mindedness which still characterizes the majority of the clergymen of the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches.

GERMANY.—Cardinal Ledochowski, whose prolonged contest with the German Government has contributed equally to his personal discomfort and to his fame as a loyal son of "the Church," has recently sent a summary letter to such priests in his diocese as have submitted to the State laws, ordering them to retract their promise to the Government under penalty of suspension and major excommunication.

While this hopeless struggle continues between the Jesuits and the State—and the majority of the Protestants stand by indifferently,—the cause of "pure and undefiled religion" seems to be making real progress in many parts of the Empire. The missions of our own Church were never more fruitful in conversions than now; and in many of the Northern towns the German Evangelical Society is holding a series of popular Christian meetings, which have been greatly blessed.

SWITZERLAND.—During the past three months the "Old Catholic" societies in

Switzerland have completed their organization under the title of The Christian Catholic Diocese. At their National Synod they chose as first Bishop, Dr. Herzog, Professor of Catholic Theology in Berne University, and pastor of the congregation in that city. He is a scholarly man, of recognized force and ability. The membership of the new Church already amounts to over seventy-three thousand persons, and large and speedy accessions are expected. It has the sympathy of the great majority of the Swiss people, and the sanction of the Federal Council. Its leaders are resolute in their efforts to effect ecclesiastical reform. The Synod adopted resolutions recognizing Jesus Christ as "the sole Head of the Church;" abrogating compulsory penance and confession; permitting the use of the national language in the celebration of the mass; and allowing the marriage of priests. It also pledged its "hearty co-operation" with all efforts to restore union with the Greek, the Anglican, and the various Protestant Churches.

SPAIN.—The religious liberty guaranteed by the laws of Spain is but a sorry boon as interpreted by Spanish officials. At the best, the Protestants are only permitted to worship in private. Recently a pastor was compelled to close his chapel doors on Sabbath morning because, forsooth, an open door was a "public demonstration." All evangelical effort is effectually crippled, and native Protestants, especially, are exposed to continual annoyance, if not downright persecution, for the sake of their faith. Petitions for relief have been repeatedly made by the evangelical party, but thus far without effect. The matter has come to the notice of the English and German Governments, and if the evil is not very soon lessened, there is probability of their interference in behalf of the suffering Protestants.

ITALY.—Pope Pius will reach the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as Bishop next May. The proposal to celebrate the occasion by liberal contributions of money

by Romanists throughout the world is not received with as much favor as attended similar movements in the past. There have been too many such "jubilees" of late.

The sick-bed of Cardinal Antonelli has been watched with equal interest by the friends and foes of the Papal Hierarchy. His death might be as important in its effects on Christendom as the demise of the Holy Father himself.

Late dispatches from Rome state that Father Beckx, General of the Jesuits, is shortly to be elevated to a Cardinalate. Father Beckx is the future candidate of the Ultramontane party for the Papacy. His election, it is stated, would accelerate the Old Catholic movement in Central Europe, and might even sever Church and State in France.

A movement on foot in Italy to bring about the election by the people of clerical dignitaries, including the Pope, has received the qualified approval of the Italian Minister of Grace and Justice, and has become very popular. It has provoked a very natural hostility on the part of the supporters of the Papacy, and a decree of excommunication has been pronounced against all who support the doctrine.

The Bishop of Naples recently made a sensation, and greatly offended the Pope, by taking his seat as a Senator at the late session of the Italian Diet. He has since been suspended, and, at latest accounts, was humbly suing for peace. But the poor old Pontiff finds his frowns of less effect when directed against the secular authorities. The privileges of the Vatican have been steadily narrowed by the Ministry of Victor Emmanuel; and of late a vexatious order has been issued, forbidding all public religious processions.

TURKEY.—Notwithstanding the deplorable state of affairs in Turkey,—the wretchedly conducted uprising of the Northern Provinces, the brutal cruelty of the Turks, and the utter demoralization of all classes,—the Protestant missionaries are meeting with solid success. The first American missionary went to Aintab in 1846, but was driven out with great violence. In 1847 a medical missionary established himself in the same town, and, because of his skill, and their own needs, was welcomed by the people.

"This was the beginning of a work which has extended in all directions, even far up among the Amanus and Taurus mountains, until now there are twenty-six organized evangelical Churches, with a membership of two thousand, and about twelve thousand persons in all of the congregations of the missions. There are fifteen ordained native pastors, and as many educated licensed native preachers. Many of the Churches support their own pastors, and some of them their common-schools also. At Marash there are eight common-schools, having ten teachers, all of whom are supported by the people."

Just now a college and medical school are to be established in Aintab. Fifty thousand dollars have already been secured toward this object. Seven thousand dollars of this amount were contributed by the natives of the town. A wealthy Mohammedan has presented thirty-four acres of land to the college as a site for the buildings.

INDIA.—In India the Presbyterian missionaries have decided to form an "Alliance," which shall meet once in three years. Eleven branches of the Presbyterian Church will be represented in it, and although the functions of the "Alliance" are to be only advisory, much advantage from it is expected.

CHINA.—A new magazine in Chinese has been projected by some of the missionaries. It is to be called *The New Chapter in Philosophy*. It is intended that a high position shall be taken in the matter of the magazine, and while topics of general interest shall be treated in a popular style, as suited to ordinary readers, aids will be furnished for the development of a new line of things in the literature and science of the country.

JAPAN.—In the session of the Missionary Committee of Review, held in connection with the late British Wesleyan Conference, Rev. Ebenezer Jenkins, who had just returned from a visit to India and Japan, strongly recommended that the Wesleyan Missionary Society should occupy the latter country.

DR. BUTLER has raised a large sum of money in the United States for printing evangelical literature in Spanish, and returns shortly to his mission-work in Mexico.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

FROM D. Appleton & Co., comes yet another volume from the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe,"* whose productions now number among the twenties. Miss Yonge is among the respectable second-class novelists, whose works form so large an element in the popular literature of the day. She gained a fair reputation by some of her earlier productions, especially those here indicated in connection with her name. But she has not been a growing writer; her later productions scarcely sustaining the promise or, indeed, equaling the performance of her earlier ones. The present volume, a story of a family of not especially interesting persons, presents no prominent features, and can be desired only by that class who require their new novel much as the tippler calls for his drams, or the petted child for yet another, and a still more exciting story, simply for the faintest amusement for the passing hour. Because there are such readers in sufficient numbers to create a market for the stuff they feed upon, such books will continue to be written and published.

IF the great Franklin Square Publishing House has many and great sins, both ethical and aesthetical, to atone for, on account of their "Library of Select Novels," a partial and not inconsiderable compensation to an injured public is rendered by them in their "Students' Series" of Histories. The two volumes recently issued, "Merivale's General History of Rome"† and "Cox's General History of Greece,"‡ are worthy of the society into which they are here introduced, which is saying very much for them. Dean Merivale is already well and favorably known to general readers, as well as to those more exclusively devoted to his specialty, by his

two excellent works, "The Romans Under the Empire," and "Conversion of the Northern Nations," which are about equally trustworthy as histories and pleasingly instructive as models of style and composition. Mr. Cox, too, is not a stranger in the department of historical literature, as the reader will see and appreciate by the naming of the two rare volumes from his pen, in connection with his name upon the title-page of this work. Both works are written in pure, classical, and transparent English, thoroughly learned, informed and informing; and both are sprightly, vivacious, and sufficiently dramatic to please and allure, while they instruct. For these, as eminently for the whole series, the publishers deserve great thanks. It is an invaluable library of history in the smallest space consistent with proper fullness, and at a price so moderate that very few need complain of inability to purchase.

Is "History Primers" a new series, of which this little volume, "History of Europe"|| (16mo, pp. 150), is at once the promise, and the fulfillment in part? The name of the editor is a pledge of both the scholarship and the literary excellence of the successive little volumes. This is of necessity only a skeleton history, and yet just such a one as should be thoroughly mastered before a fuller one is taken in hand.

ENGLISH grammar and composition are best taught together, and for younger classes in school a good text-book on both subjects is Dr. Quackenbos's *Illustrated Lessons in Our Language*, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE readers of *Harper's Monthly* know very well the name of Eugene Lawrence, and with his name they will readily call to mind what kind of matter he has been accustomed to furnish to that world-read

* *The Three Brides*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc., D. Appleton & Co.

† *A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus*, B. C. 753 to A. D. 476. By Charles Merivale, D. D., Dean of Ely. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ *A General History of Greece, from the earliest period to the death of Alexander the Great*, with a Sketch of the Subsequent History to the Present Time. By George W. Cox, M. A., author of "Tales

of Ancient Greece," "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," etc. New York, Harper & Brothers; Franklin Square. 1876.

|| *History Primers*. Edited by J. R. Green. *History of Europe*, by Edward A. Freeman, LL. D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

magazine. Ten of these trenchant philippics against the Church of Rome, as the debaser of men's intellects and the tyrant of the conscience, have been issued in book form by the Harpers, making a portly octavo of five hundred closely printed pages.* The indictments brought by him against the papacy are simply fearful, and their severest feature is their undeniable truthfulness, as proved by history. And in all that he utters there is an air of sincerity that compels every one to feel that he believes what he says. He is evidently a good hater, *quoad hoc*; and next to a fast friend, the good hater is the man that may be trusted. Men naturally hesitate to accept the views of one of deep and strong convictions, and yet in such a case as this the extremist may be nearer the right than the man of less decided and pronounced opinions. It certainly would not be amiss for the American people to thoroughly weigh what Mr. Lawrence here presents for their consideration.

VERY many people have read books about Egypt and the Orient, and a less many have read books written by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; but not till now could both be done at once. A newly published volume,† brought to our sanctum, makes even this possible. It is chiefly about the land of the Nile, with some account of a journey across the Desert of Sinai to Jerusalem. It is written in the style of a somewhat hilarious tourist, but with a keen eye for both nature and society. The book is decidedly readable, well written, and vivacious; and although it is neither pedagogical nor didactic in its professed purposes, yet it may serve a very good purpose in both these directions.

THE *Speaker's Commentary*, prepared under the auspices of the late Speaker of the British House of Commons, and under the editorial supervision of Canon Cook, of Exeter, which is issued in this country by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, is now com-

plete as to the books of the Old Testament. The sixth and final volume upon that part, extending from the beginning of Ezekiel, is now in hand, the whole constituting a compact and thoroughly wrought system of Biblical exegesis and exposition; and though it was designed to make the *Commentary* as brief and concise as possible, it has nevertheless already grown to six volumes, with not less than three more to follow,—too voluminous it would seem, and yet how could it be more compressed than is here done?

The character and position among kindred works of the *Speaker's Commentary* is definitely taken, and its position is well maintained. As emanating under the supervision of "bishops, and other clergy of the Anglican Church," it must needs be elevated and dignified, learned and well-written, and neither dangerously rationalistic nor offensively evangelical; and all these properties are distinctively presented in its pages. It is a decided improvement over the older commentaries, with their literal criticisms, and verse-by-verse expositions; for though it usually adheres to their antiquated methods, in most things, yet it bears every-where the marks of real scholarship in its authors. Doctrinally it is broad without being loose, holding and teaching the inspiration of the divine Word, yet not in the form of a merely mechanical dictation of words. In its methods it is rational but not rationalistic, and spiritual in tone without falling into mere incantations. It may be said to be chary of theories of the interpretation of prophecy, and not especially inclined to spiritual and mystical meanings, for which the words give only the faintest authority. In short, it does not force Christological sense, where nothing of the sort is to be found in the obvious intent of the language used.

The mechanical execution of these volumes is exceedingly solid and in good taste. The type is larger than is usually seen in such annotations, which may, in part, account for its voluminousness. For ordinary and unprofessional use we prefer this work to any other of the recently published Commentaries; and we shall await in hope the appearance of the New Testament portion of the work.

**Historical Studies*, by Eugene Lawrence. New York, Harper & Brothers; Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Co.

† *Mummies and Moslems*, by Charles Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Back Log Studies," etc. Hartford, Connecticut, American Publishing Company; Cincinnati, Robert Clark & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CALL FROM THE MINISTRY.

AT one of the recent conference sessions, during the roll-call of the non-effective ministers, at the announcement of one of the names, a gentleman of some forty years old, dressed in a gray coat and generally unclerical habit, came forward and quietly stated his wish to resign his connection with the body, and to cease to be any longer recognized as a minister of the Gospel. His manner was quiet and respectful; and he declared his entire freedom from any dissatisfaction with the Church or with any of its members, but at the same time he affirmed that he had fully determined to retire, and therefore he requested his brethren not to attempt to dissuade him, but to grant his request by accepting his parchments of ordination, and remanding him to the ranks of the laity. And this, after further conversation, in which ample testimony was given both as to his unimpeachable Christian character and of his settled purpose to cease to be even in name a minister, was granted.

It appeared that he had been for ten or twelve years an itinerant minister, and member of the conference, laboring faithfully and with fair success in his appointed fields, and that he had won the good will and esteem of both the ministers of the conference and the Churches that he had served; but some three or four years ago his health failed him, and ever since he had been laid aside from ministerial labor by nervous debility. He had also engaged in business, in which he had been moderately successful, earning a living. He had also preached occasionally, and acceptably, and without suffering any great harm; but his Church work had been chiefly in the Sunday-school, in which he was said to be at once earnest and effective. In short, the whole statement of the case went to show that he had become a good and useful lay member of the Church at the place where he resided.

This whole affair is provocative of reflections and inquiries. Was the course of the retiring minister, in determining to so act, commendable or even justifiable? And did the conference act wisely

and consistently with the sacredness of the ministerial calling in granting him leave to so retire, giving him in his exit a Godspeed as he retired to the status of a layman in the Church? The notion of a special call from God as an essential prerequisite to assuming the office of the Christian ministry, and which when duly made known may not be disregarded or evaded, is an old Methodist article of faith,—though not exclusively Methodistic,—that has not wholly passed away. The question is not as to the divinity of the call to the ministry, but whether the call once given is in any case recalled? One who has taken upon himself that office may, indeed, become satisfied that he has mistaken his calling, in which case his only wise course is a speedy withdrawal from a false position. Such a case is, however, quite apart from that which is here presented, which relates to the terminableness of a genuine call to the ministry. And if it is granted that such a calling may be terminated short of death, then what are the evidences by which the case may be judged? Certainly they should be as clear and indubitable as were those in favor of the original calling, and, indeed, even more so. Providential circumstances must in both cases be accepted as factors in the problem to be solved; and in the latter not less than in the former, the inward monitions of the divine Spirit should be regarded as necessary to the determination of the case. He would indeed be a bold man who would aver that the divine call to the ministry must in all possible cases extend over the whole natural life; and yet without at all favoring the fancy of a special character imparted and received in the act of ecclesiastical ordination, it must be a very clear and decided conviction of duty that can justify a conscientious Christian in laying aside a function once accepted among such sacred and impressive conditions.

It must be remembered, too, that the Church has made provisions for the retention of such physically disqualified persons among her acknowledged ministers; and there are many such in nearly all the annual

conferences. This man could have taken the relation of a superannuate,—for such he was according to the legal definition of that relation,—and remained a minister still, without being required to perform the services for which he had become disqualified. Others have taken that course, and, as a result, men ecclesiastically recognized as ministers of the Gospel may occasionally be met with in many of the secular callings of society. To this some most decidedly object, as anomalous and damaging to the ministerial profession, and as especially derogatory to the sacred and separate character of that calling. There may, indeed, be, in some cases, worldly motives influencing men to hold on to the name and style of a calling which has become impossible in fact,—but with all such these reflections have nothing to do. Was it right, and therefore the duty of this man, who in early middle life found himself no longer able to render effective service as a Christian minister, to divest himself of the character that had been given him, and retire again into the ranks? So he judged, and his ministerial associates concurred in his decision by accepting his resignation of his ministerial orders.

And if all this were well and wisely done, then why should not the same course be taken in all similar cases? This whole action proceeds upon the assumption that only ministers of the Gospel *de facto*, can be such *de jure* ;—that the office depends upon the work, rather than the work upon the office, or “character.” There may, indeed, be differences of opinion in respect to what work may properly be included *within* the ministerial function; for while some might restrict it exclusively to the pastorate of Churches,—the cure of souls,—others would extend its sphere to a variety of forms of Church work, in which it would be said that ministers, as such, may be properly engaged. With all such questions we do not now meddle,—having only to do with such cases as that presented at the beginning of these remarks,—cases of ministers permanently disqualified for ministerial services, yet still as able as others to gain their own livelihood, and to serve the cause of God and the Church in other relations. Should all such in like manner resign their ministerial characters, and take their places in the ranks?

It would not be wise to compel any to act in so weighty a matter, except in obedience to their own hearts' convictions of duty; and yet it must be plain that if the case referred to was determined wisely and in the fear of God, then it would seem, that in all similar cases, the same way of acting would be the only one advisable.

But the application of this rule would fall heavily in not a few places in Methodism. We say nothing about ministers engaged in doing properly Church work other than the purely and directly pastoral,—though evidently there must be a limit to the Church's right to detail her ministers to semi-secular services. Nor do we refer to those who have become really worn out in ministerial labors, and are retired from active duties of every kind. But what of that large class of persons among us, all of whom have professed to be satisfied that they are called of God to take upon themselves the office and work of the Christian ministry, but who do not intend at all to forsake their usual secular pursuits? The doctrine of Methodism respecting the preaching of the Gospel, whether or not it is a function belonging exclusively to the ministry,—those specially called to the holy office in the Church,—or whether it is lawful and expedient for any one possessing the needed personal qualification to teach and expound the Scriptures, and to exhort the people in the congregation, is not definitely and clearly settled. Methodism, in its earlier stages, both in Europe and in this country, proceeded by practically assuming that it was lawful and proper that laymen should preach the Gospel; and consistently with this theory, there are now in all the divisions of British Methodism thousands of laymen licensed as local preachers, who are no more accounted ministers than are their class-leaders or trustees of Churches. If we mistake not, whenever a traveling minister of the British Conference ceases from the work of the ministry, for any cause, he also ceases to be recognized as distinctively a minister. The application of such a rule among us would widely change the *status* of our hosts of local preachers,—and especially of those who have received orders and still hold and use the powers signified by them.

The position of one recognized as a min-

ister, but not a pastor, is not always the most enviable as to his Church relations. His ministerial character separates him somewhat from the body of the laity, while there seems to be no place for him on the side of the minister. It is not to be denied that in not a few cases there is a decided prejudice against the participation of unofficial ministers in the ministerial offices of the local Churches, and no doubt, whether from his own fault or that of others, many a man who might have done good work as a layman has been rendered comparatively useless by his ministerial name and profession. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that whether right or wrong, many of our Churches do not desire the presence among them of other ministers, to be recognized as such, than their own pastors.

The subject of lay-preaching is closely connected with this matter. The tendency in most evangelical Churches at this time is strongly in favor of the largest "liberty of prophesying," and even among Methodists there is a growing persuasion that no formal license is necessary to make it lawful to preach Christ to the people. Such a license may, indeed, be expedient in some cases,—not, however, to give the right, but to guard against abuses and to accredit the holder. But this notion of the natural liberty of all God's people to "prophesy" separates the act of preaching from all special relations to the peculiar office and work of the ministry. According to this theory the lay-preacher is no more a minister of the Gospel, in the peculiar or ecclesiastical sense, than is any other of the lay-office bearers of the Church. Ordination is a setting apart of him who receives it to the special work of the ministry; and, therefore, it would seem that to ordain a lay preacher is to unmake him as such; and, unless he is to assume the pastorate, it is to separate him, but to no proper function.

This, too, may throw some light upon the mooted question respecting women's preaching—their licensure and their ordination. If the only prerequisite for preaching is the ability of the performer and the willingness of the people to hear, then the question of a woman's preaching is one of facts and of taste, and the fitness of things generally. If all these concur in her favor

then may any woman preach as well as any man. But all this, be it observed, is simply lay-preaching, which requires neither ordination, nor of necessity any formal license. On the other hand it will be plead by some that in the case of every woman her sex is a natural disqualification for the pastoral office, and, therefore, no woman should be at any time brought into any ministerial orders. This would seem to be an easy and a natural solution of the case. If she can speak to the people to their edification, why should she be hindered? but seeing she is disqualified by nature for the pastorate, why should she be forced against nature into a position for which she can not be adapted?

LINING THE HYMNS.

THE following appeared in some one of our Methodist weeklies, not long since,—we can not now say which one,—and because it affords an opportunity for a passing comment, we present it:

Bristol District Meeting, in a memorial to the British Wesleyan Conference at its recent session, expressed regrets to find that the practice of giving out two lines, or a verse, of a hymn at a time in conducting public worship is falling into disuse, and suggests to the conference to urge the ministers to abide by the usage as far as possible. The conference resolved that the practice of singing the hymn through without giving out the verses has no sanction either in our usage or regulations, and the conference is of opinion that it is not expedient that such a practice should be sanctioned.

Our own observation of the practice in the British and also the Irish Wesleyan churches, in this matter, was that the whole stanza was announced at once, though it extended to six full lines. It may also be remarked that our transatlantic brethren make great use of the hymns in the stanza known as six-eights, in which measure, beyond all question, Charles Wesley especially delighted, and in it are found some of his best hymns. British Methodism has thus far successfully resisted the encroachments of the music of the theater upon its public worship, which in so many of our American churches has taken this part of the exercises almost entirely away from the congregation, and given it to the organ and choir; and on account of the unintelligibleness of the enun-

ciation of the words by these, the teachings must go for nothing, doubtless very greatly to the loss of the people. In its services the hymns are announced from the pulpit, usually a whole stanza at a time, in a full and audible voice, and then it is sung by the whole congregation, singing boldly and heartily, with very few individual exceptions, and for the most part correctly, if not especially artistically. The advantages of this method are various and very considerable. Methodist hymnology is the "Common Prayer" of the congregation, and the singing is the one and only part of the worship in which the people are expected to unite openly.

The theology of our hymns is not excelled in its Scriptural character and in its felicitous presentation of the great truths of the Gospel by any other uninspired embodiment of Christian doctrines; and coming as it does through these, without dogmatic stiffness or polemical severity, and accompanied by the gentle persuasiveness of sacred music, it is readily apprehended and earnestly appreciated alike by the learned and the unlearned. It is wise, therefore, to use them as vehicles of instruction, as well-pleasing accompaniments to the other parts of divine worship; and for that purpose it is of the very first importance that the language of the hymns should be familiarized by frequent repetitions, reading them with proper elocutionary enunciation and rhythmical fullness, and singing them in such clearness that the words may be plainly understood by all. There is, indeed, a good deal to be said in favor of that time-honored usage, now, however, quite laid aside among us. In parting with "lining the hymns," as with many other old-fashioned and obsolete usages, it is not at all certain that we have profited by the exchange. It can scarcely be questioned that in the earlier days of Methodism its hymns were a more effective element of power than they are to-day because of the changed methods of using them.

But, probably, it is now too late to recover all that we have lost in this matter. We shall never, perhaps, return to the practice of dictating the words, whether by couplets or stanzas, for the people to sing; but there is still much within our power by

which our hymns may yet be made to serve the most excellent uses. Let them always be read in the congregations with all the fullness and forcibleness that can be commanded for the purpose. And let our ministers study and labor to become good readers of hymns,—a most important part of their office, and yet one in which scarcely one in ten is even respectably proficient. The practice of omitting the reading of the hymns should be every-where discounted, as detracting from the solemnity and the effectiveness of public worship, and as depriving the people of one of the most effective means for Christian edification.

TOO OLD.

COMPLAINTS are all the time heard in the papers and elsewhere, of the great number of ministers who are living without employment, for no other apparent reason than that they are somewhat advanced in years. It is said that in all sections of the country men may be found able and earnestly desiring to work, who can not find any thing to do. Not because there are no vacant pulpits, or destitute congregations wanting ministers; but because none of these want *them*; and this for no assigned cause of incompetency, or moral unfitness, but solely for the reason that they are *too old*.

Thanks to our better Methodist way of doing things, there is somewhat less of this among us than among others. Our preachers, who are able to work, are generally employed, and they always must be until, for broken health, or for actual superannuation, they shall be retired according to rule. We have no able-bodied men willing and anxious to work, who have occasion to "stand idle in the market-place," lamenting that "no man hath hired" them—though the work offered may not be just what is desired or desirable. And yet, the desire of our congregations, plainly enough expressed, and almost, if not quite universal, to have the younger preachers assigned to them, and their extreme reluctance, sometimes, to receive men with gray hair, and spectacles on their noses, show very clearly what the state of things would be if the matter of locating men were left, as it is in the other denominations, purely to the voluntary action of the congregations.

By all the obvious rules of judging the old ministers who are yet sound in body and in mind ought to be the best. Are their *experiences* good for nothing? their long years of study and thought—their practiced skill in preaching, in explaining, defending, and enforcing the doctrines of the Bible, in counseling the ignorant, in comforting the feeble-minded, in warning the unruly—are all these of no value whatever? In law and medicine and statesmanship age, with all its analogous advantages, is at a premium. Is it only in the ministry of religion that men deteriorate with their opportunities to acquire wisdom and aptness and strength?

And yet the Churches do not want the older men, but the younger. One sometimes hears this spoken of as if it were purely a fault and a folly of the Churches. The quinquagenarians and the sexagenarians who are not wanted are commiserated as persons unreasonably and unjustly dealt with, being made sinners for their years, and the Churches are sharply lectured as notional and fastidious. But is there not something to be said in their justification? For some reason or other the older men in the ministry are not so popular as the younger. What is the cause?

In those denominations in which the pastoral office, in the theory of it, is conceived of as permanent, and long pastorates are regarded as desirable, a very obvious reason presents itself at once why a Church, in settling a minister, should prefer one with a long life before him rather than behind him. The old man who is at present able-bodied, and of a sound mind, is nevertheless drawing near to his limit of life, and can not last long. He may be entirely acceptable now, but his short future is a sufficient objection against him. No Church desires to distract itself with the choice and settlement of a minister oftener than is necessary. In our Methodist theory of the pastor's office this difficulty is obviated, and we have less excuse than our brethren for the sentiment in favor of young men, which, nevertheless, is quite as strong with us as with others, only by reason of our system not so mischievous.

It is obvious that the unpopularity of old men is not to be explained by the consideration, barely, of their age. It is a fact that *some*

old men, if only still able to work, are sought after, and earnestly desired in the pastoral office. There are not a few such, who for acceptableness with the Churches are not behind their younger brethren. It is the same elsewhere. There are sexagenarian pastors whose congregations would be vastly amused at the suggestion that they might be better served by young men. There are sixty-year old men among the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Episcopalians, who, if they were now, by any chance, without charges, would be sought for, and eagerly solicited again to put on the harness.

It is not the mere fact of *age* that makes some men unpopular and undesirable as ministers, but something else which, indeed, is so common with old ministers, that it has occasioned a prejudice against their class, and begotten almost every-where among the people a settled feeling that young ministers are better.

Will our older brethren permit us to say some plain and hard things, in a spirit of love and kindness, and with a deep sense of all that might be urged in extenuation, yet affirming that all the possible mitigations do not amount to an adequate excuse?

In the first place, some of the old ministers have left off their early habits of neatness in dress, and of attention to their persons, and to appearances generally. This may be thought a small matter, but so also is the little leak that wears away the foundations of a dam, or the little expenditures that eat up the estate. Foppery is indeed contemptible, whether in the young or the old, and especially in a minister. But a minister should be gentlemanly in all his habits, comely and neat in his attire, and habitually observant, at all points, of whatever evinces good breeding. The Churches are more particular in this matter than some may suspect. Whether in town or country a minister should be properly and neatly clad, and gentlemanly in all his personal habits.

Again, some old ministers have yielded very much to that physical sluggishness which comes naturally with advancing years. They have lost, in a great measure, the fervor which formerly distinguished their preaching, and took hold of the sympathies and hearts of their hearers. It is not correct

to say that this is unavoidable. With a duly awakened sense of the vast importance of an animated and earnest delivery in preaching, and by resisting the tendency to dullness of both thought and manner, all this might be obviated.

This evil is usually the most apparent where *read* sermons are read rather than spoken. Extempore preachers usually keep up their fire better than readers of sermons, though very dull extemporizers are not very rare, and in any denomination the dull and lifeless preachers will not be wanted, be they young or old.

But beyond all else too many old ministers have set a greatly exaggerated value upon the excellence, and all sufficiency, of their old sermons. That minister who concludes that he has made sermons enough for a life-time, and that he may stop work in the study, and rely henceforth on his past labors and accumulations, is sure to be undesired.

Probably the old sermons, good when they were made, and when they were fresh to their author's mind, and had in them the peculiar and invaluable element of adaptation, and were delivered with energy and effect, are not good now, when used merely for convenience. Delivered without spirit, they can not be preached well, and will not be heard well. The same sermons that thundered twenty years before, and, under God, aroused the people, and brought on revivals, have too often become "stale, flat, and unprofitable," not by any change in themselves, but in the preacher and his surroundings. The trouble is, not so much in the sermons as in the *man himself*, who ceases from the labor of new production, and declines spiritually and mentally, and of course shows abated power in every department of his ministerial work. *Every thing* declines in the hands of such a one; and the same person, to-day preaching over again the same sermons with which he was once mighty, and gained distinction, is only tolerated—the Churches don't want him.

The old men in the ministry who have retained their popularity and added to it, and there are such, are men who have never turned away at all from the forge and the anvil, and the hammer of the workshop. They may sometimes use an old sermon, just as they always did,—and such sermons are

often the most effective of any,—but they always prepare them anew. The living minister, who shall command the minds and hearts of his congregations, must be a working minister, bringing out of his treasury things new and old. He must keep himself abreast of the thoughts of the times, and especially must he be in lively sympathy with the religious spirit of the day. Such a one does not spend *less time* in study than he formerly did; and what has been gained in facility of working, is turned to account for improving the quality of his work.

The old ministers that are not wanted have not usually been of this sort of men. We know all that may be said for them, and we heartily sympathize with their disappointments and dissatisfactions, but we fear that the help they seek is impossible to them. But let our still popular preachers be warned against the danger of ever ceasing to *study* to show themselves approved. The Churches care but little whether their ministers are old or young; but they want live ministers; men who, in their persons, and in all their personal habits, and especially in their preaching, both as to manner and matter, most honor the sacred calling.

X. X.

DEATH OF BISHOP JANES.

IN common with the thousands of American Methodism, the editor of the *REPOSITORY* mourns the loss of a chief and a long tried leader of the host of our Israel, Bishop E. S. Janes, who died at his residence in New York, September 18, 1876, in the seventieth year of his age, and the thirty-third of his episcopate; and beyond the common grief that has fallen upon so many, the editor mourns the taking off of one with whom he has for long years, and somewhat closely, associated in Church-work, and also in not a few personal domestic and social relations. His history, for nearly half a century, is also that of his Church,—the annals of which must be his own memoirs,—and in its records his name must always hold a conspicuous place. His term of official service as a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church was longer than that reached by any of his predecessors, and in the amount of work rendered he stands unrivaled among them, except by the first upon the list,—Asbury,—whom he resembled in many points of his character and

career. It is not for us, at this time, to say more; hereafter we hope to render a more fitting tribute to the work and the good name of this truly good and wise, and abundantly laborious and eminently successful chief minister of the Gospel of Christ, who departing leaves his survivors his debtors to a greater amount than can ever be paid.

FREE SEATS VS. PEWS.

AT the dedication of the "free chapel" of Grace Church, in the city of New York, not long since, Bishop Potter (of the Protestant Episcopal Church) "improved" the opportunity so afforded to assert the claims of free seats in places of worship in opposition to rented pews. A short time afterward, at the annual convention of his diocese, the Bishop, in his annual address, again introduced the same general subject, and especially congratulated the Convention on "the growth of the movement in favor of free chapels,"

He had recently had the pleasure of consecrating the free chapel of Grace Church, and by his direction Dr. Morgan Dix had laid the corner-stone of a new chapel in the Bowery. The Church of the Incarnation had in contemplation the project of erecting a free chapel. There was cause for thankfulness at the wide extension of the Church where it was most needed. He rejoiced in the movement for another reason, namely, because it was giving a check to the tendency toward expensive church edifices, the erection of which was so apt to entail heavy debts upon the parishes. It was well to have a few plain churches where people of moderate means could worship at a reasonable expense.

The last sentence of this extract is suggestive of two lines of thought; first, respecting the expensiveness of Church-going, which, according to the intimation, is such as to require other than existing provisions in order that "people of moderate means," which designation includes three-fourths of our city populations, may be able to attend public worship, "at a reasonable expense." It is implied in that remark that now, Church-going, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, is to all but the wealthy *unreasonably expensive*. Questions might here arise as to what degree of expensiveness should be thought unreasonable, and also, whether the evil deprecated exists in other denominations, as well as in that for which

the Bishop was speaking. It may be presumed that the Church expenses do not very widely differ, *per capita*, among the Churches of the different denominations, in which there is about the same degree of attention to style and sumptuousness. Fine architecture, elaborate cabinet work and upholstery, artistic music, and all the requisites of a fashionable place of worship, cost about the same without respect to the name or denomination of the particular edifice, where they are to be found. All these things cost money, and, commercially, it would seem only right and equitable that they who use such costly matters should pay for them.

The Bishop does not, however, object to fine and costly churches, quite the contrary; but while he would have these for the rich, he would also have a cheaper kind of churches, more cheaply served for the use of the great body of the people, who are neither rich nor accustomed to the use of luxuries. This implies two kinds of churches, for the rich and the poor, respectively, all of which may be much more easily practicable in the Protestant Episcopal denomination than in some others.

The system of having only churches with free seats, which was long maintained by the force of law and usage in Methodism, but which seems to be now rapidly falling into disuse, was designed to meet precisely the want indicated by Bishop Potter. "Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and with free seats, *wherever practicable* [these two words are a later addition]; but not more expensive than is absolutely unavoidable." (Discipline, ¶366.) But this is only half of the sentence as it stood; the excised part read, "otherwise the necessity of raising money will make rich men necessary to us." But now the Methodist Church has fairly separated from the spirit and practice of that rule, though the skeleton of it still stands in the Discipline. And yet even in most of our chief cities there are still found free churches, where the cost of attendance to each individual is determined by himself, according to his ability and liberality. It has, however, come to be known that free-seated churches, in our cities, are in nearly all cases virtually Mission Churches, supported by the liberal gifts of a comparatively small number of their abler and more

liberal members. It has also happened in not a few cases that such persons, wearied at length with the undue expensiveness of their Church relations, have removed to some convenient pewed church, where the burden is found to be comparatively light. And so the free Churches are becoming forsaken by those who have all along sustained them financially, and abandonment or missionary aid seem to be their only alternatives. For these reasons one may hear it given out occasionally that the free-seats system is a failure in large cities.

But there is another side to this subject, which was also presented in Bishop Potter's address. The Bishop called attention to the fact that a majority of the work of the diocese during the year had been done among Mission Churches, and likewise the majority of the fruit had been gathered in those Churches.

And what is thus said for the work of the Protestant Episcopal Church is equally true if applied to that of the Methodist Episcopal Church, classing the whole of the free-seated churches in the category of "Mission Churches." Costly churches, with their luxurious arrangements and expensive appointments, from which all those of moderate incomes are effectually excluded, are not the places where "work" is most effectively prosecuted. In both these Churches the poorer and less expensive places of worship are necessary as feeders to the more costly, in which the additions of home-made converts are seldom sufficient to compensate for the wastages made by deaths, natural and spiritual. It may be a matter of policy, therefore, and a measure for self-protection, for those wealthy Churches to sustain the poorer ones, by pecuniary gifts, in hopes of the more excellent compensation of souls; for there will always be a passing from the poorer to the richer, as religious character increases the wordly substance of its subjects.

OUR PORTRAIT FOR NOVEMBER.

AMERICAN Methodism has from the beginning been rich in its non-ministerial members; and while it has in largest numbers embraced the poor of this world, rich in faith, it has also numbered among its adherents not a few of a class of a higher social position,—rich Zacheuses, honorable

Josephs, learned Nicodemuses, and hospitable Gaiuses. If, indeed, not many, yet still some few, "wise and noble" ones of this world have been among "the called;" and very many whom it found in even the humblest conditions have under its good influences tested and found to be true the declaration that "godliness" has "the promise of the life that now is" as well as of "that to come." In her multitude of devoted laymen and women, with their hearts all aglow with zeal for Christ and for Methodism, she has the pledge and assurance of her own bright future. In this number of our magazine we give the portrait of one of the chieftest of these.

Andrew Varick Stout was born in the city of New York, October 12, 1812. From his parents he received not a fortune, but what was much better,—Christian nurture, discipline, training to habits of industry, and the influences of godliness. He received the school training afforded by the best schools in the city at that time,—those under the patronage of the Public-school Society. At fifteen years old he became a teacher in one of those schools, in which relation he continued for the next twelve or more years,—most of the time being in charge of one of the largest. Afterward he was for a year at the head of the Orphan Asylum at Bloomingdale, in that city, and then he engaged in mercantile business, in the shoe and leather trade. This business he pursued with characteristic diligence and good success for nearly ten years, and then (more than twenty years ago) he was called, first to the Vice-Presidency, and afterward to the Presidency of the Shoe and Leather Bank,—which position he still occupies.

By unwearying diligence and careful frugality, he had at the close of his services as a teacher accumulated what was then esteemed a handsome property; but in consenting to help a friend, he assumed responsibilities by which he was stripped of all and left still in debt, out of which he paid his way by his subsequent earnings. His later business engagements have been in like manner successful, and without the same disastrous sequel.

His religious history,—though, if it stood alone would be remarkable,—is happily in its chief features not unlike that of a very

great multitude of others. He grew up an attendant upon the Sunday-school and the public services of the Forsythe Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and having become convinced that he needed to be born again, and that it was his duty to live a godly life, on the evening of the last day of the year 1827, at the watch-night service in that church, he resolved to give his heart to God, and to commence a new life. But it was only after long and very severe conflicts with doubts and fears and unbelief, with a deep sense of guilt and dread of the wrath of his justly offended God, that he found peace, and was enabled to rejoice in the assurance of pardon. But after nearly six months of earnest seeking and praying,—and especially attending upon the revival services of the Allen Street church, then the spiritual focus of New York Methodism,—near the hour of midnight, in his own room, and all alone, suddenly his eyes were opened to see the way of salvation by Christ. The darkness at once departed; his burden was gone, and a sweet and indescribable peace possessed his soul,—which soon rose into the rapturous joy of assurance. And now, for nearly fifty years that same blessed assurance is giving its light along his pathway.

In his Christian life Mr. Stout has been distinguished for steady devotion to his religious profession, and to the performance of the duties growing out of his various relations. As a Church member his fine business talents have been made especially available in the financial affairs of the Churches with which he has been associated, while his money contributions have always been duly bestowed, and as his worldly fortunes have grown his benefactions to the cause of religion and benevolence have increased in a still larger ratio. His interest in the cause of Christian missions has been steady and increasing for many years, and for some time past he has by his own contributions sustained a missionary in one of the foreign fields; and when, a few months since, the resources upon which the Drew Theological Seminary, and in part Wesleyan University, depended were cut off, he at once came to their relief, by a direct gift of forty thousand

dollars to each, as a permanent endowment for the presidency of these institutions severally.

Mr. Stout, though well up in his sixties, is still hale and vigorous, with mind and body alike in good condition, both to do and to enjoy; and it may be hoped that there are still before him many years, in which to do good both by his benefactions and his wise counsels, and especially by the mellow radiance of a mature Christian life. He has sown good seed, while yet living to see it germinate and grow up to its fruitage; may he be permitted to witness its harvests through not a few succeeding years.

WE understand that the editor of the *Golden Hours* has consented to speak a good word for the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, and though we have not been allowed a glimpse of that good word, yet we feel assured it is all that could be desired, and are anxious to return the favor at an early date. While it is true that the *Golden Hours* is a prosperous little journal, it is also true that many of our Methodist families do not lend their aid to its support—some being scarcely aware of its existence. The *Golden Hours* should not only succeed, but succeed grandly. It is an entertaining and instructive magazine, devoted exclusively to our young people—and its contents are not only of a healthy, moral tone, but point the children to Christ, and present religion in its most attractive light. The illustrations of this publication are good and numerous, and we understand there are some charming ones in prospect for the new year. In the department of Owldom are puzzles, Scripture enigmas, etc., for the little ones to wrestle with, and prizes for solution and for completion of other tasks are offered during the year. Solomon Owl, who presides over Owldom, is a lover of children, and we do not need to secure a promise from that individual that every effort will be made to constitute this magazine the first and best among the juvenile publications of the day. It costs but one dollar and sixty cents a year, post paid. It is certainly worthy of your support. Shall it have it?



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